









W. B. Cairnes

Edin. 1845.









ALAN RAMSAY SCOTUS



THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD,

*A PASTORAL COMEDY,*

BY  
ALLAN RAMSAY.

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TO WHICH IS PREFIXED  
A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,  
AND  
A CRITIQUE ON HIS WRITINGS.  
WITH  
A HEAD, AND TWELVE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTERISTIC ENGRAVINGS,  
FROM  
ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY ALLAN;  
AND  
*A FULL AND CORRECT GLOSSARY.*



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# BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY.

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COULD the incidents which took place in the early part of the life of RAMSAY be discovered by the diligence of enquiry, the advantage would perhaps sufficiently repay the labour of the search : But such a task would be irksome indeed, did not the celebrity he afterwards acquired render interesting every particular which can be gleaned, even during those comparatively dull periods of his life, which were spent in an obscure part of the country, and in the attainment of a mechanical trade.

In the progress of the life of a man of eminence, many occurrences take place, many traits of character appear, which are familiar to the feelings of every one. On these the mind dwells with peculiar satisfaction ; the strength of genius appears levelled to our own standard ; and we are elevated by the imaginary comparison that involuntarily arises. Although on nearer reflection the delusion must vanish, yet traces are often left behind, which are attended with the most beneficial effects. The seeds of emulation are awakened in the generous mind ; an examination takes place of the general equality of the powers of man ; industry and perseverance are discovered to be the causes of the highest acquirements ; and the result is not unfrequently an ardent desire, perhaps a successful attempt, to attain excellence in the same pursuits, or in others more congenial, and equally estimable in the eyes of mankind.

In this point of view, the task of the biographer is a most useful one ; and if, from such considerations, he is too minute in his details, or, like the

writer of the life of the great English Lexicographer, harrows up the most trivial and ridiculous incidents that not unfrequently occur even in the history of a mind replete with energy and knowledge, he will meet with a ready excuse; for, if praise be denied him for his own judgment and discernment, he will at least receive the thanks of one class of mankind for his endeavours to reduce the ponderous abilities of a Johnson to a level they imagine to be nearer to their own.

The history of the life of no one apparently bids fairer for gratifying this levelling spirit, or for kindling the flame of emulation, than that of Ramsay; but, unfortunately perhaps, the particulars of his early youth are little known; those, however, that are, seem highly favourable. He had a slender education at a country school; his profession was a check to improvement; and it was comparatively late before he paid much attention to the cultivation of his mind, or began to exert the powers of his imagination in the regions of fiction.

ALLAN RAMSAY was born in the month of October 1686. The place of his nativity, where also the first fifteen years of his life were spent, is described by himself, in one of his poems, with sufficient exactness:—

Of Crawford-muir, born in Lead-hill,  
Where mineral springs Glengoner fill,  
Which joins sweet flowing Clyde;  
Between auld Crawford Lindsay's towers,  
And where Denetue rapid pours  
His stream through Glotta's tide;  
Native of Clydesdale's upper ward,  
Bred fifteen summers there.

His immediate progenitors were not distinguished by the highness of their birth, or the greatness of their fortune. His father was a miner, or had the superintendence of the mines in Crawford-moor, belonging to Lord Hoptoun; and his grandfather was a writer in Edinburgh. But his descent has been traced to an illustrious origin, and of this he is sometimes fond of boasting;—

Dalhousie, of an auld descent,  
My chief, my stoup, my ornament.

However this may be, is of little consequence. In the history of a man, who has rendered himself eminent by his abilities, the occurrences of his own life ought rather to be attended to, than much time spent in a minute account of his genealogy, which can be interesting to those only who are connected with him, and will neither, in the opinion of others, add lustre to his talents, nor detract from his well-earned fame.

What the nature of his education was, during that period when the foundation of improvement is generally laid, or what symptoms of early genius he displayed, we have no means of discovering; but he seems not to have commenced acquaintance with the poets till he had attained the age of twenty-five years.

His father dying while he was yet a child, and his mother having contracted a second marriage, he was sent by his relations, about the age of fifteen, to serve apprenticeship to a wig-maker in Edinburgh, which was the business he afterwards exercised for many years. It is to his praise that he appears never to have been ashamed either of the want of the gifts of fortune, or the meanness of his trade, but to have laughed at both with great good-humour, and sought content and pleasure in the company of his muse :—

Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity,  
Yet denizen of this fair city,——

I theek the out, and line the inside,  
Of mony a douse and witty pash,  
And baith ways gather in the cash.

In the year 1712 he married Christian Ross, the daughter of an inferior writer in Edinburgh, soon after the period he had commenced his poetical career, in which he continued with increasing reputation till he was five-and-forty; from which time, as appears by a letter to Smibert the painter, dated 10th May, 1736, he ceased to write for the public.

Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,  
My muse was neither sweir nor dorty;  
My Pegasus wad break his tether  
E'en at the shagging of a feather,

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

And through ideas scour like drift,  
 Streaking his wings up to the lift.  
 Then, then my soul was in a low,  
 That gart my numbers safely row;  
 But eild and judgment 'gin to say,  
 Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

His wife died on the 28th March, 1743, leaving him a son, Allan Ramsay, afterwards a celebrated painter, and three daughters.

Ramsay was allowed by all who knew him to be a man of the utmost good-humour and pleasantry, which made him much beloved, and his company universally sought after; and this has been the cause of some ridiculously supposing, that he generally served as the butt of the company. He was himself much inclined to conviviality; clubs, which were then in fashion, were his delight, and he lost no opportunity of indulging his favourite propensity, by gaining admittance to them as a member, and mixing with society in general. The "Easy Club" was that in which he seems to have enjoyed himself most. It was composed of young men of abilities, who assembled together to spend the evening in hilarity. Each member was known by the name of some man of distinction, which he chose from a supposed resemblance to himself in talents or pursuits. Of this club Ramsay appears to have been an original member, and, latterly, to have taken the name of Gawin Douglas; induced to it, perhaps, that he might keep in recollection that

He was a poet sprung from a Douglas line;

his mother being descended from a family of that name. Here the first poetical effusions of his genius were produced, before he ventured to promulgate them to the world; the applause, however, of his friends, the consciousness of his own powers, and the love of reputation, soon induced him to risk them to the discernment of the public. In 1716 he published "Christ's Kirk on the Green," supposed to have been written by James the First of Scotland, to which he added two cantos. This poem was received with universal applause, and fixed his fame on a solid foundation.



From that time till 1721 he continued writing various detached pieces, among which was the pastoral of "Patie and Roger," the basis of his "Gentle Shepherd;" and entered into a poetical correspondence with several of his friends, all which he collected into one volume, and published during that year, sending it forth into the world, after the manner of Horace,

——— to spread his fame,  
And fix him an immortal name.

The subscribers were numerous and respectable, and success crowned his endeavours, though the world was yet to be astonished by the production of the "Gentle Shepherd," which was not finally published in the shape it now appears, till the year 1725. About this time it appears that he gave up the business of wig-maker, commenced bookseller, and was the first who established a circulating library in Scotland. This profession he must have exercised with great success; for, in 1736, he undertook to build a theatre in Edinburgh, in Carubber's-close, as he expresses it, at "vast expense;" but the bigotry of the times prevented it from meeting with that success which his laudable and patriotic endeavours merited; and he had the mortification to see his play-house shut up by order of the magistrates, without being indemnified in any way for the loss he had sustained in its erection. There is still extant an address he made to the Hon. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session, and the other Judges, in the Gentleman's Magazine of 1737, setting forth his reasons for the undertaking, and praying relief for the sums he had expended. But, although he thus suffered in a pecuniary point of view, he had the satisfaction some years afterwards, in 1746, of seeing plays performed in a new theatre in the Canongate, and greatly relished by the inhabitants of the town. It is not, however, much to the honour of Edinburgh, that relief was never granted him for the share he had in promoting so agreeable, and, where properly conducted, so innocent an amusement.

Ramsay, in his personal appearance, was prepossessing; his countenance was extremely pleasing, and expressive of his natural complacency, and the goodness of his heart. He describes himself, in his Epistle to his friend Arbuckle, with much pleasantry:—

Imprimis, then, for tallness I  
 Am five feet and four inches high;  
 A black-a-viced, snod, dapper fallow,  
 Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;  
 Wi' phiz of a Morocco cut,  
 Resembling a late man of wit.

His love of conviviality, his political and religious principles, he mentions in the same poem, with the like vein of humour.

That vanity was his ruling foible, may readily be seen from his works, and the general tenor of his conduct; nor, indeed, is it much to be wondered at. Courted by all, admired by most, esteemed by many, in spite of his humble station in life,—a disposition more reserved than Ramsay's would have eagerly sought for an opportunity of gratifying this favourite passion, in the applauses of a club, or the smiles of society. That he should sometimes have indulged in it in his private lucubrations, and exposed the fruits of it in his verses to the world, is not more to be wondered at:—

Whenever Fame, wi' voice like thunder,  
 Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,  
 Either for slashing fouk to dead,  
 Or having wind-mills in his head,  
 Or poet, or an airy beau,  
 Or ony twa-legged rary-shew,  
 They wha have never seen't are busy  
 To speir what like a carly is he.

But his vanity was destined to receive some severe shocks from the burlesque and satirical compositions of contemporary poets, envious of his fame, who, though he affected to despise them, it is evident, from the severity with which he mentions their productions, were a source of no small uneasiness to him. “It is not to be doubted,” he says, “that I have enemies: yes, I have been honoured with three or four satires, but such wretched stuff, that several of my friends would allege upon me that I had wrote and published them myself, (none of the worst politics, I own,) to make the world believe I had no enemies but fools.” And in his “Reasons for not answering the hackney Scribblers,” he says,—

These to my blyth, indulgent friends,  
 Dull faes nought at my hands deserve;  
 To pump an answer's a' their end,  
 But not ae line if they should starve.

And then he goes on to put in verse the same sentiments he had expressed in his preface.

Ramsay continued a bookseller till near the time of his death, which happened in the month of December 1757, as appears from the Scots Magazine for that month:—"Died at Edinburgh, in an advanced age, Mr Allan Ramsay, formerly a bookseller in that city, well known for his Gentle Shepherd, and many other poetical pieces, which he wrote and collected."

Ramsay,

Though fain wad prove to ilka Scot,  
 That poortith's no the poet's lot,

is said by some to have died a bankrupt, and that his debts were paid by his son Allan Ramsay. Indeed, when we consider the loss he sustained in the erection of the theatre, which must have been more than the private fortune of any individual in his station could well bear, the assertion is certainly not destitute of probability. In the poem on that subject in the Gentleman's Magazine, he himself says,—

While wights, to whom my credit stands  
 For sums, make sour and thrawn demands.

And,

Wherefore, my lords, I humbly pray,  
 Our lads may be allowed to play,  
 At least till new-house debts are paid off,  
 The cause that I am maist afraid of;  
 Which laide lies on my single back,  
 And I maun pay it ilka plack.

A proof that he was then suffering by his unfortunate speculation. If this were really the case, from the circumstances that caused it, no dishonour can attach to his character; but many of his friends have felt indignant at the charge, and declared it an invidious fabrication. They assert he

died in easy circumstances ; and, as a proof of this, that several houses in Edinburgh were long possessed by one of his daughters, to whom he had bequeathed them. However this may be, his death was universally regretted, his memory cherished by all who knew him, and his family, on his account as well as on their own, universally respected.

From the consideration of the life and character of Ramsay, useful lessons may be drawn. It points out to us, in the strongest light, what is generally allowed, but seldom attended to, that the road to fame and honour is open to all who seek it ; that no situation in life, no profession, is degrading in itself ; but that these are capable of being rendered respectable in every modification, by the talents and worth of those by whom they are fulfilled and exercised. From this, genius may be taught to aspire, though for a while repressed by the frowns of fortune ; those whose ardour is damped by years unprofitably spent, not longer to delay the labour of improvement ; and the man of integrity to seek repose in the reflections of his own breast ; for Ramsay, however great his abilities, certainly would not have met with that respect in the world, which these might at first acquire, but of which is cheerful, honest disposition insured the continuance.

We shall now proceed to make some observations on his Pastoral Comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd," and, without entering into a critical examination of it in all its parts, shall rather consider it simply as a poem.

The scenery of this exquisite pastoral lies in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and has been painted by the author in the most faithful colours. His imagination seems to have been warmed by the natural beauties of the country before he commenced his work ; not a cottage, not a streamlet, not a tree, that he has not carried with him to his closet, and delineated on his paper.

The formation of the story displays great judgment, and a happy fancy. There is nothing, when we consider the distracted times in which the plot is laid, inconsistent with probability ; the incidents are simple and natural ; the sentiments of the characters admirably suited to our ideas of justice and innocence ; and we are seldom offended by the homely phrases of some of them, and never by the over-refinement of others. All is just and natural ;



though some fastidious hypercritics have pronounced it as “dull and stupid as the Beggar’s Opera.” To such, the flimsy frippery of a modern comedy might, no doubt, have been more palatable; but to the lovers of nature, “The Gentle Shepherd” will ever prove a feast of the most delicate kind.

As a poem, it is but moderate praise to say, that it must rank among the first of the most celebrated pastorals in any language. By many, however, it will be regretted, that it is founded in so great a degree upon the local customs of Scotland, and written in a language, the peculiar *naïveté* of which can be understood by a native only. The language, too, is rapidly losing ground, by the introduction of that of the neighbouring country; and in course of time, perhaps, this beautiful poem will lose half its relish, even to a native himself.

In illustration of the general remarks above made, it may not be improper to examine more particularly some of the passages which appear to us most striking for their beauty; and though we may find beauties which the author never intended as such, they are not less so on that account:—

The wits unborn shall beauties find,  
That never entered in my mind.

The words with which the poem begins present so pleasing a picture, that they cannot fail to delight:—

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,  
An’ puts a’ nature in a jovial mood.  
How heartsome is’t to see the rising plants!  
To hear the birds chirm o’er their pleasing rants!  
How halesome is’t to snuff the cauler air,  
An’ a’ the sweets it bears, when void o’ care!

For the opening of a pastoral, no lines could have been chosen with greater felicity; they are the language of Nature herself, drest in her most simple and delicate attire, and the feelings are such as almost every one has felt at some period of his life; the healthful pleasures of a country life are forcibly recalled to the recollection, and present a striking contrast to the unseasonable hours and moody languor of the fashionable hero of a fashionable comedy.



Through the whole scene, the contentment and gaiety of Patie are finely pictured, and marked with good sense :—

Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,  
 Less you wad loss, an' less ye wad repine.  
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep :  
 The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

And his description of the innocent coquetry of Peggy stands almost unrivalled :—

Blythsome, I cried, " My bonny Meg, come here,  
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer ;  
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew :"  
 She scoured awa,' an' said, " What's that to you ?"

Very similar to this is the idea in one of Virgil's Eclogues :—

*Tum fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videre.*

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;  
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen.

In the next scene, the good sense, gentleness, unaffected simplicity and candour of Peggy, and the lively, satirical wit and pretended coyness of Jenny, present a pleasing diversity of character to the reader, and display the discrimination of the poet :—

*Peg. —* But love in whispers lets us ken,  
 That men were made for us, an' we for men.

*Jen.* Heh, lass ! how can ye love that rattle-skull ?  
 A very deil, that ay maun ha'e his will ;  
 We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life  
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Peggy's reply, and her conduct through the remainder of the scene, render her extremely interesting ; the words indeed that the poet has made her use are so beautiful, that they are almost beyond our praise.

Can the passion of love in a rustic swain be more happily imagined, or finely expressed, than in the following :—

What's this !—I canna bear't ! 'Tis war than hell,  
To be sae burnt wi' love, yet darna tell !  
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,  
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay ;  
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows ;  
Straughter than aught that in the forest grows :  
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines ;  
The lily in her breast its beauty tines ;  
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,  
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen.

The determination of Bauldy to apply to the supposed witch Mause, is consonant to the character he is afterwards to bear ; but the description of a witch's arts, which is entirely peculiar to the natives of the country, though poetical, is certainly not pleasing, particularly as it immediately follows the most beautiful lines that can well be conceived.

On the conduct of Sir William Worthy, Ramsay has bestowed a becoming dignity, and, as a contrast to the untravelled shepherd's simple phrases, has very judiciously clothed his sentiments in English.

In his soliloquy at the beginning of the third act, though joy, at his return after so long an absence, be supposed chiefly to occupy his breast, yet, at the sudden view of the desolation that surrounds him, we expect something more pathetic than here appears. He does, no doubt, attempt to be pathetic, but he goes to work too methodically to affect the mind of the reader. Instead of expressing his feelings at once, as nature would have dictated, he says,—

Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,  
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.

And having then in a manner prepared himself and the reader, he then begins to lament the desolation,—

Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands, &c.

On a similar occasion, Virgil has shewn more skill. The shepherd Melibœus is conversing with Tityrus on the effects of war, when, the recollection of his former happiness suddenly rushing upon his mind, he intuitively compares it with the misery he expects. The feelings that are the consequence he expresses at once, and by this means prevents the thoughts from appearing enfeebled; takes the reader by surprize, and hurries him unexpectedly into the passions with which he himself is agitated :—

*Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.  
Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,  
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.  
Carmina nulla canam : Non me pascente, capellæ  
Florentem citysum, et salices carpetis amaras.*

How much soever we admire Ramsay in what is lively, pleasing, or tender, he is certainly by no means master of the pathetic, and he has therefore been wise enough very seldom to attempt it.

In the interview between Roger and Jenny, in which she confesses the pleasure she felt in his company, the poet has shewn much art, and some extremely pleasing and happy sentiments occur :—

*Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,  
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.  
I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,  
Increase, an' join the ocean without stain :  
The bridegroom may be blythe, the bride may smile ;  
Rejoice through life, an' a' your fears beguile.*

But to quote all the passages remarkable for their tenderness, simplicity, or beauty, would be in fact to transcribe almost the whole work : The hand of a master is evident throughout. The discovery of the birth of Patie is a highly pleasing incident, and his meeting with Peggy after his exaltation managed with consummate skill. The diffident tenderness of Peggy, while she is uncertain of the change that may have taken place in his sentiments, and the generous love of Patie, while her birth is still unknown, add to the esteem both had already inspired us with ; while the further discoveries that are made, the benevolence of Sir William, and the happiness that awaits the whole party, leave the mind replete with the most delightful sensations.

That there are trifling faults in this admirable poem, cannot be denied. Offensive ideas, and coarse expressions, appear here and there in the mouths of the inferior personages; and although these are in general very expressive, perhaps befitting the characters who use them, yet as they convey unpleasant sensations, they ought to be avoided as much as possible. But to point out trivial mistakes, is not the intention here. From such indeed what author can be entirely free; or is it even to be wished that he could?

*Sunt delecta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus :  
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens :  
Poscentique gravem persape remittit acutum ;  
Nec semper feriet, quodcunque minabitur, arcus.*

Gold without alloy would answer few of the purposes for which it is meant; a work altogether free from imperfections, if such were possible, would even then give pleasure but to few.

Upon the whole, when we consider that Ramsay was a man, whose talents never received much culture in his youth, "The Gentle Shepherd" is a most wonderful production, surpassing almost all others, ancient or modern, in a species of poetry, which the judicious Dr Blair considers as the most difficult to excel in. He has uniformly preserved that middle station between too much rusticity on the one hand, and too much refinement on the other, which, that author very justly observes, is the essence of a pastoral; and has painted those days when shepherds were gay and agreeable, without being learned and polite; plain and artless, without being gross and wretched. In short, such a production required the unsophisticated genius of Ramsay, whose taste was not vitiated, nor heart corrupted, by the vices of the world.

Notwithstanding the language in which this poem is written, it has been highly admired in the neighbouring country; and were it not for the deep-rooted prejudices that now exist against the Scottish dialect, would be sufficient to confer immortality on it.

It may now be proper to glance at the merit of Ramsay in his other works, in order to give a complete view of the versatility of his genius. To prolong the remarks on "The Gentle Shepherd" would only be tedious, and anticipate the pleasure of the reader in the perusal.



His other poems are of unequal merit, and most of them dissimilar in style to "The Gentle Shepherd." In general, they are distinguished by an admirable flow of homely wit and humour, and the easy smoothness of the versification. This is particularly the case in those composed in his native dialect: in those in the English he is not so much at home; his vivacity and fire seem to forsake him, and the greater proportion of them do not rise above mediocrity, either in the originality of the sentiments, or the harmony of the verse, though an eminent exception must be allowed to be "The Tartana."

The story of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife" is inimitable in its kind, and, considering the occurrences in it, the line of delicacy is pretty well preserved. But delicacy is not the characteristic of his poems; expressions of the coarsest description are used without ceremony, and many of the ideas in "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and in "Lucky Spence's last Advice," though replete with that humour peculiar to himself, are highly offensive, and even disgusting. Some of them might certainly have been spared, without much injustice to their merit, and the last perhaps left out altogether, particularly as the work is dedicated to the ladies.

In his panegyrics, Ramsay is extremely happy; his compliments are such as might please the most fastidious; they are well turned, natural, and easy; but as they form no small part of his works, he may fairly be suspected of a wish to attract the notice of the great, and to ingratiate himself into their favour. The Odes after the manner of Horace, in being free from the servility of strict imitation, are proofs of the poet's skill and judgment. Those in imitation of "*Solvitur acris hiems*," and "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte*," he has, with singular propriety, adapted to the customs and manners of Scotland, and they are not inferior in spirit to the original; but the two others preceding them want the easy dignity of that great master. His ignorance, too, of the language in which they were written, though he himself conceived it to be no disadvantage, is evidently the cause of his sometimes failing in the boldness of the figures. A single example of this will be sufficient: He translates,—

*Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres  
Sublimi feriam sydera vertice,*



If you, my lord, class me amang  
 Those who have sung, baith saft and strang,  
 Of smiling love or doughty deed,  
 To starns sublime I'll lift my head.

The whole sentence here is enfeebled, and the import of the words, "*feriam sydera vertice*," lessened; or, if the change was intentional, it is miserably for the worse.

The merit of Ramsay in his songs is also unequal. The requisites of that species of lyric poetry an author before quoted remarks, are elegance, smoothness, and gaiety. In pastorals, such as many of Ramsay's are, simplicity may be mentioned as another requisite, or rather may be added as a qualification to elegance. Of this kind some of our poet's are models, such as "The Last Time I came o'er the Muir," "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "The Yellow-haired Laddie," &c.; but in general they do not appear to us to merit the high encomiums that have been bestowed on them. They frequently want neatness and elegance of style, and smoothness of versification, probably from haste in the composition; for had he bestowed sufficient care, he was evidently calculated to excel in that kind of poetry.

But in his "Gentle Shepherd" alone, in spite of the disrepute of the Scottish dialogue, which, though it were banished altogether, would not carry along with it, or render unintelligible, all the beauties of this pastoral, Ramsay has, we trust, raised for himself

— *Monumentum ære perennius.*

J. K.

# Appendix A

Continued from page 10

The following table shows the results of the analysis of variance for the effect of treatment on the response variable.

The results of the analysis of variance are presented in the following table. The table shows the sum of squares, degrees of freedom, mean squares, and F-values for each treatment and error term.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
SUSANNA,  
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

---

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my patroness says, the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their

sentiments with the Countess of Eglinton, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the divine charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of Kennedy and Montgomery: be that the care of the herald and the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm, in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better sense than good nature; "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?" Very true, but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, "To speak what every body thinks."



Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life ; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters. I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear. But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship, in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour ; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,  
One half of round Eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient, and  
most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE  
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

WITH THE FOLLOWING

PASTORAL.

---

ACCEPT, O Eglinton ! the rural lays,  
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays.  
The Muse, that oft has raised her tuneful strains,  
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains ;  
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,  
The charms of beauty, and the force of love ;  
Once more resumes the still successful lay,  
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.  
O ! come, invoked ! and, pleased, with her repair  
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air ;  
In the cool evening, negligently laid,  
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,

Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve  
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires  
Inflame the breast that real love inspires !  
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,  
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears :  
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise !  
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !  
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,  
Cured of her scorn, and vanquished of her hate,  
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,  
And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent !  
Love's passion here, in each extreme, is shown,  
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that failed not to engage,  
Love courted Beauty in a golden age ;  
Pure, and untaught, such Nature first inspired,  
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desired.  
His secret thoughts were undisguised with art,  
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart :  
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,  
As thy Eliza might be pleased to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows  
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes :

Secure alike from envy and from care,  
Nor raised by hope, nor yet depressed by fear ;  
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,  
No wild ambition interrupts its joys,  
Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,  
In humble goodness, and in calm content :  
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost ;  
Even swains no more that innocence can boast :  
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,  
Prone to betray, and practised to deceive.  
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,  
The peaceful dwelling where she fixed her seat ;  
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
Companion to an upright sober race,  
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,  
Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
She uninvited came, a welcome guest ;  
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
Bribed from their innocence uncautious hearts :  
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,  
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed .



'Then dowerless beauty lost the power to move ;  
The rust of lucre stained the gold of love :  
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,  
The genial hearth first blushed with strangers' blood :  
The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise :  
The peaceful household filled with dire alarms ;  
The ravished virgin mourns her slighted charms :  
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,  
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crowned :  
Unpunished violence lords it o'er the plains,  
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh ! Happiness, from human search retired,  
Where art thou to be found, by all desired ?  
Nun ! sober and devout, why art thou fled,  
To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?  
Virgin ! of aspect mild, ah ! why, unkind,  
Fly'st thou, displeased, the commerce of mankind ?  
O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.  
Or, say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait  
Familiar at the chambers of the great ?  
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call  
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?  
O'er the full banquet, when we feast our soul,  
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?

Or, with the industrious planter dost thou talk,  
Conversing freely in an evening walk ?  
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
Watchful and studious of the treasured gold ?  
Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much-loved power,  
Still musing silent at the morning hour ?  
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms ?

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,  
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :  
In vain we seek the city or the cell,  
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell :  
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,  
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow :  
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,  
But many passions must the blessing cost ;  
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,  
And envy, grieving at another's state ;  
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,  
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nursed,  
Can peace reside in dwellings so accursed ?  
Unlike, O Eglinton ! thy happy breast,  
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest ;  
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed :

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,  
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;  
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,  
How swift to praise ! how guiltless to defame !  
Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,  
And backward Merit loses all its fears.  
Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace  
Confessed is thine—an early blooming race ;  
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,  
Divine Instruction ! taught of thee to charm :  
What transports shall they to thy soul impart  
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),  
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,  
And sighing youths imploring to be blest !  
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,  
Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine :  
Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,  
The lovely Eglintons of other days.

Meanwhile, peruse the following tender scenes,  
And listen to thy native poet's strains :  
In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,  
The garb our Muses wore in former years.  
As in a glass reflected, here behold  
How smiling Goodness looked in days of old :  
Nor blush to read, where Beauty's praise is shown,  
Or virtuous Love the likeness of thy own ;

While 'midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven  
To thee, in whom it is well-pleased, has given ;  
Let this, O Eglinton, delight thee most,  
T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

W. H.



INSCRIBED TO

JOSIAH BURCHETT, Esq.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

---

THE nipping frosts, an' driving snaw,  
Are o'er the hills an' far awa';  
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,  
An' ilka thing  
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, an' braw,  
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek o' day;  
Kind Muse, skiff to the bent away,  
To try anes mair the landart lay,  
Wi' a' thy speed,  
Since BURCHETT awns that thou can play  
Upo' the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,  
Exert thy skill an' nat'ral glee,  
To him, wha has sae courteously,  
                    To weaker sight,  
Set these rude sonnets,\* sung by me,  
                    In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine  
In his fair character still shine ;  
Sma' need he has o' sangs like mine  
                    To beet his name ;  
For frae the north to southern line,  
                    Wide gangs his fame ;

His fame, which ever shall abide,  
While hist'ries tell o' tyrants' pride,  
Who vainly strave upon the tide  
                    T' invade these lands,  
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,  
                    Which still commands.

---

\* Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly.

These doughty actions frae his pen \*  
Our age, an' these to come, shall ken,  
How stubborn navies did contend  
                                Upon the waves ;  
How free-born Britons fought like men,  
                                Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, sir, to you,  
This country sang, my fancy flew,  
Keen your just merit to pursue ;  
                                But ah ! I fear,  
In gieing praises that are due,  
                                I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous prayer ;  
May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,  
Grant you a lang an' muckle skair  
                                O' a' that's good,  
Till unto longest life an' mair  
                                You've healthfu' stood !

---

\* His valuable Naval History.

May never care your blessings sour,  
An' may the Muses, ilka hour,  
Improve your mind, an' haunt your bower!—

I'm but a callan ;

Yet may I please you, while I'm your

Devoted ALLAN.



---

THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*  
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hynd, engaged with Neps.*

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE—*A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

---

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,  
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,  
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,  
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May;  
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;  
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

SANG I.

*Tune*—"The Wawking o' the Faulds."

Patie.

*My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just entered in her teens,  
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, an' always gay,*

*My Peggy is a young thing,  
An' I'm nae very auld,  
Yet weel I like to meet her  
At the wawking o' the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare;  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
At wawking o' the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown.  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It maks me blyth an' bauld,  
An' naething gies me sic delight  
As wawking o' the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae softly  
When on my pipe I play,  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best.*



*My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
An' in her sangs are tauld,  
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,  
At wawking o' the fauld.*

*Pat.* This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,  
An' puts a' nature in a jovial mood.  
How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants !  
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !  
How halesome it's to snuff the cauler air,  
An' a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care !  
What ails thee, Roger, then ? what gars thee grane ?  
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-seasoned pain.

*Rog.* I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !  
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad an' great.  
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,  
Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkins blood ;  
But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,  
Maun ay despair o' lighting on relief.

*Pat.* The bees shall loath the flower, an' quit the hive,  
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,  
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss o' warldly gear,  
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

*Rog.* Sae might I say ; but it's no easy done  
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.  
You ha'e sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue,  
That you're the darling o' baith auld an' young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,  
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;  
An' jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,  
While I'm confused wi' mony a vexing thought.  
Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,  
Nor mair unlikely to a lasses e'e.  
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,  
An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

*Pat.* But aiblins, neibour, ye ha'e not a heart,  
An' downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.  
If that be true, what signifies your gear?  
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

*Rog.* My byar tumbled, nine braw nout were smooored,  
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:  
In winter last my cares were very sma',  
Though scores o' wathers perished in the snaw.

*Pat.* Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,  
Less you wad loss, an' less ye wad repine.  
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:  
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

*Rog.* May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,  
That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mony a loss!  
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,  
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,  
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,  
An' own that ane may fret that is nae fool!

*Pat.* Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute  
At the West-port, an' bought a winsome flute,





Fatie. Were your barn rooms as thinly stock'd as mine, -  
 Less you wad lose, and less you wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep;  
 The o'ercome only fashes fork to keep.

Act I Scene I





O' plum-tree made, wi' ivory virls round;  
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:  
I'll be mair canty wi't, an' ne'er cry dool,  
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool?

*Rog.* Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,  
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:  
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,  
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

*Pat.* Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,  
To ane wha you an' a' your secrets kens!  
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
Your weel-seen love, an' dorty Jenny's pride:  
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,  
An' safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

*Rog.* Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guessed owre true,  
An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you;  
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,  
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.  
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,  
An' gars me look bombazed, an' unco blate.  
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,  
She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow:  
She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,  
But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

*Pat.* But Bauldy looes na' her, right weel I wat;  
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

*Rog.* I wish I cou'dna looe her—but, in vain,  
I still maun do't, an' thole her proud disdain.

My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,  
Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke;  
If I had filled a nook within her breast,  
She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.  
When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,  
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.  
Last night I played, (ye never heard sic spite,)  
*O'er Bogie* was the spring, an' her delyte;  
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,  
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd.—  
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,  
I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair.

*Pat.* E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluck,  
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?  
Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint a' houp,  
Gae till't your ways, an' tak' the lover's loup.

*Rog.* I needna mak' sic speed my blood to spill,  
I'll warrant death come soon eneugh a-will.

*Pat.* Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;  
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.  
Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel  
As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leel:  
Last morning I was gye an' early out,  
Upon a dyke I lean'd glowring about;  
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;  
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me;  
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,  
An' she was closs upon me ere she wist:

Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw  
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.  
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,  
Her haffet-locks hang wavin' on her cheek;  
Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;  
An' oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.  
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,  
As she came skiffin' o'er the dewy green:  
Blythsome, I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here,  
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;  
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:"  
She scoured awa', an' said, "What's that to you?"  
"Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en's ye like,"  
I careless cried, an' lap in o'er the dyke.  
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,  
She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;  
Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,  
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.  
I leugh, an' sae did she: then wi' great haste  
I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;  
About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth  
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.  
While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,  
My very saul came lowping to my lips.  
Sair, sair she flate wi' me 'tween ilka smack,  
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.  
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,  
Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;  
 Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wood.

## SANG II.

*Tune*—"Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae."

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
 An' answer kindness wi' a slight,  
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,  
 For women in a man delight ;  
 But them despise wha's soon defeat,  
 An' wi' a simple face gi'es way  
 To a repulse ; then be nae blate,  
 Push bauldly on, an' win the day.  
 When maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean,  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
 But tent the language o' their een :  
 If these agree, an' she persist  
 To answer a' your love wi' hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 An' let her sigh when it's too late.*

*Rog.* Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,  
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' ha'e sic an' art  
 To hearten ane : For now, as clean's a leek,  
 Ye've cherished me since ye began to speak.



Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,  
(My mother, rest her saul ! she made it fine ;)   
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,  
Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue :  
Wi' sprains like gowd an' siller crossed wi' black ;  
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are you wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind  
Redd up my ravell'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.

*Pat.* Weel, haud ye there—an' since ye've frankly made  
To me a present o' your braw new plaid,  
My flute's be your's, an' she too that's sae nice,  
Shall come o-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

*Rog.* As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;  
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.  
Now tak' it out, an' gie's a bonny spring ;  
For I'm in tift to hear you play an' sing.

*Pat.* But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,  
An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;  
By that time bannocks, an' a shave o' cheese,  
Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please ;  
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they say wise  
To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.

When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at the well,  
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,  
Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claiths;  
A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,  
Its channel peebles, shining, smooth, an' round:  
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;  
First please your eye, next gratify your ear:  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
An' Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

*Jen.* Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,  
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;  
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,  
Will mak' them like a lily wet wi' dew.

*Peg.* Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,  
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow:  
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,  
The water fa's an' maks a singan din;  
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,  
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass.  
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,  
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash oursell—it's healthfu' now in May,  
An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

*Jen.* Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,  
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,  
An' see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate  
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

*Peg.* We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;  
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.  
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)  
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?  
The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,  
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.  
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,  
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

*Jen.* I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;  
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.  
He kaims his hair, indeed, an' gaes right snug,  
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,  
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,  
An' spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;  
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,  
An' few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;  
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,  
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *there's a bonny day.*

*Peg.* Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,  
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide;  
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow could:  
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,  
 That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet :  
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past ;  
 An' syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,  
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

### SANG III.

*Tune—"Polwart on the Green."*

*The dorty will repent,  
 If lovers hearts grow could ;  
 An' nane her smiles will tent,  
 Soon as her face looks auld.*

*The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,  
 Nor eats, though hunger crave ;  
 Whimpers an' tarrows at its meat,  
 An's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past ;  
 Thus, by itself abused,  
 The fool thing is obliged to fast,  
 Or eat what they've refused.*

Fy ! Jenny, think, an' dinna sit your time.

*Jen.* I never thought a single life a crime.



*Peg.* Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,  
That men were made for us, an' we for men.

*Jen.* If Roger is my joe, he kens himsell,  
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.  
He glow'rs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;  
But wha's obliged to spell his hums an' haws?  
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,  
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.  
They're fools that slavery like, an' may be free;  
The chiels may a' knit up themsels for me.

*Peg.* Be doing your wa's; for me, I ha'e a mind  
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

*Jen.* Hech, lass! how can ye lo'e that rattle-skull?  
A very deil, that ay maun ha'e his will;  
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life  
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

*Peg.* I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,  
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,  
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,  
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.  
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,  
An' what we do, there's nane dar ca' it rude.  
He's get his will: Why no? it's good my part  
To gi'e him that, an' he'll gi'e me his heart.

*Jen.* He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,  
Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,  
An' daut ye baith afore fouk an' your lane;  
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,

He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,  
 An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.  
 Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delyte,  
 Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte :  
 An' may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick  
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

## SANG IV.

*Tune*—"O, dear mither, what shall I do?"

*O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,  
 We ought not to trust his smiling ;  
 Better far to do as I do,  
 Lest a harder luck betide you.  
 Lasses when their fancy's carried,  
 Think of nocht but to be married :  
 Running to a life, destroys  
 Hartsome, free, an' youthfu' joys.*

*Peg.* Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to  
 move

My settled mind ; I'm o'er far gane in love.  
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,  
 But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.  
 There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green  
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een :

An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,  
His words they thirl like music through my heart.  
How blythly can he sport, an' gently rave,  
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave !  
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,  
He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill ;  
He is—but what need I say that or this ?  
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is !  
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,  
The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate.  
His better sense will lang his love secure ;  
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

## SANG V.

*Tune---*“ How can I be sad on my wedding-day.”

*How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,  
That has better sense than ony of thae  
Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,  
To sink their ain joy, and mak' their wives snools.  
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,  
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife ;  
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse  
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.*

*Jen. Hey, bonny lass, o' Branksome ! or't be lang,  
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.*

O' tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;  
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,  
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din :  
To mak' them brows then ye maun toil an' spin.  
Ae wean fa's sic, ane scads itsell wi' broe,  
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe ;  
The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,  
An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

*Peg.* Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,  
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.  
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight  
To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.  
Wow ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,  
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;  
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,  
Is to be made o', an' obtain a kiss ?  
Can there be toil in tenting day an' night  
The like o' them, when love mak's care delight ?

*Jen.* But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a',  
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw ;  
But little love or canty cheer can come  
Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.  
Your nowt may die ;—the spate may bear away  
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay—  
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or 'blashy thows,  
May smoor your weathers, an' may rot your ewes,  
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, an' cheese,  
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees :



Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent ;  
It's no to gi'e ; your merchant's to the bent ;  
His honour mauna want ; he poinds your gear :  
Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer !  
Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life ;  
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

*Peg.* May sic ill luck befa' that silly she  
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.  
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best ;  
Nae mair's required ; let Heaven mak' out the rest.  
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,  
'That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;  
For the maist thrifty man could never get  
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let :  
Wherefore, nocht shall be wanting on my part  
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :  
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,  
An' win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,  
For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware.  
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo,  
Shall first be sell'd, to pay the laird his due ;  
Syne a' behint's our ain.—Thus, without fear,  
Wi' love an' rowth, we through the warld will steer ;  
An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,  
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

*Jen.* But what if some young giglet on the green,  
Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa bewitching een,

Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,  
An' her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

*Peg.* Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,  
There's some men constanter in love than we :  
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind  
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.  
They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,  
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.  
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,  
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.  
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art  
To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.  
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,  
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.  
In winter, when he toils through wind an' rain,  
A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane ;  
An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,  
The seething pat's be ready to tak' aff :  
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,  
An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.  
Good humour an' white bigonets shall be  
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

*Jen.* A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,  
An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

*Peg.* But we'll grow auld thegither, an' ne'er find  
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.  
Bairns and their bairns mak' sure a firmer tye,  
Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.







Peggy. See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,  
 Suppose them, some years syne bridegroom & bride | Nearer & nearer ilka year they're prest,  
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast.

Act I Scene II



See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,  
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom an' bride ;  
Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,  
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,  
An' in their mixture now are fully blest.  
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,  
That in return defends it frae the wast.  
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you !)  
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt maun bow.

*Jen.* I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield ;  
Your better sense has fairly won the field,  
With the assistance of a little fae  
Lies darned within my breast this mony a day.

## SANG VI.

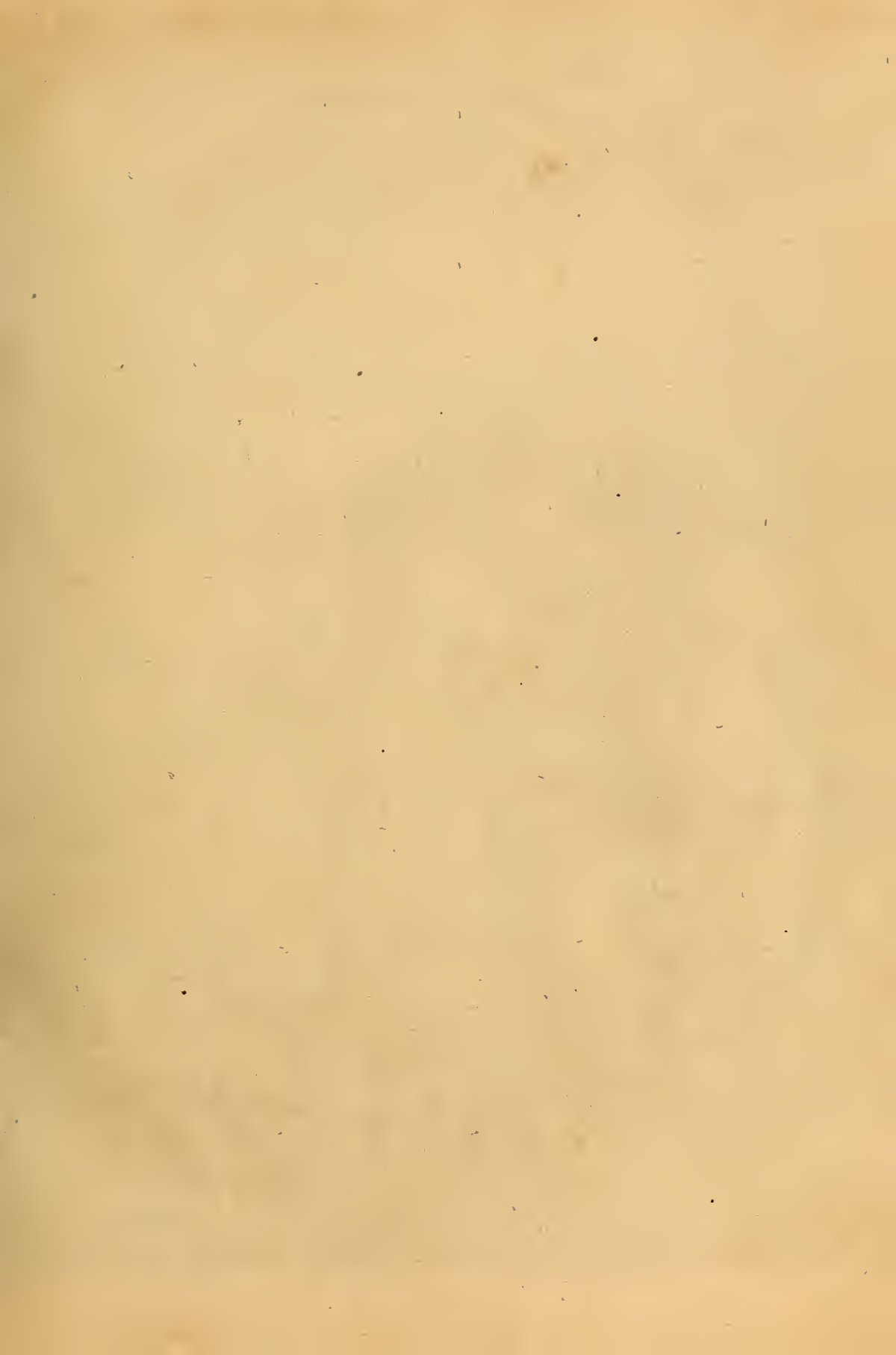
*Tune*—" Nancy's to the green-wood gane."

*I yield, dear lassie, ye ha'e won,  
An' there is nae denying,  
That sure as light flows frae the sun,  
Frae love proceeds complying.  
For a' that we can do or say  
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us ;  
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae  
That by the heart-strings leads us.*

*Peg.* Alake, poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair ;  
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak' the air :  
Haste, let him out ; we'll tent as weel's we can,  
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

*Jen.* Anither time's as good ;—for see the sun  
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun  
To freath the graith ;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,  
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :  
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;  
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*







Symon ——— And tent me now auld boy, I've gather'd news will kittle your mind m'joy.

Act II Scene I.



## ACT SECOND.

## SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green :  
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.  
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre :  
A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.  
The house is Glaud's—There you may see him lean,  
An' to his divot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

*Glaud.* Good-morrow, ncighbour Symon ;—come, sit  
down,

An' gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town ?  
They tell me ye was in the ither day,  
An' sald your Crummock, an' her bassen'd quey.  
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut an' dry ;  
Lug out your box, an' gi'es a pipe to try.

*Sym.* Wi' a' my heart ;—an' tent me now, auld boy,  
I've gathered news will kittle your mind wi' joy.  
I cou'dna rest till I cam' o'er the burn,  
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,

Will gar our vile oppressors stand like flaes,  
An' skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

*Glaud.* Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels ne'er  
stand

To cleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand,  
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near:  
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

*Sym.* Seeing's believing, Glaud; an' I have seen  
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been:  
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,  
An' left a fair estate to save his head:  
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose  
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.  
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; an' ane ca'd Monk  
Has played the Rump a right slee begunk,  
Restored King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune;  
An' Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

*Glaud.* That mak's me blyth indeed!—but dinna flaw:  
Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a'.  
An' saw ye Hab? an' what did Halbert say?  
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.  
Now God be thanket that our laird's come hame;  
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

*Sym.* They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,  
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
An' good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

## SANG VII.

*Tune*—"Could kail in Aberdeen."

*Could be the rebels cast,  
Oppressors base an' bloody ;  
I hope we'll see them at the last  
Strung a' up in a woody.  
Blest be he of worth an' sense,  
An' ever high in station,  
That bravely stands in the defence  
Of conscience, king, an' nation.*

*Glaud.* An' may he lang ; for never did he stent  
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent ;  
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claise.

*Sym.* Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak' a seat.—

"How's a' at hame ?—How's Elspa ?—How does Kate ?

"How sells black cattle ?—What gi'es woo this year ?"—

An' sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

## SANG VIII.

*Tune*—"Mucking o' Geordy's byre."

*The laird wha in riches an' honour  
 Wad thrive, should be kindly an' free,  
 Nor rack his poor tenants, wha labour  
 To rise aboon poverty :  
 Else, like the pack-horse that's unfothered  
 An' burdened, will tumble down faint :  
 Thus virtue by hardship is smothered,  
 An' rackers aft tine their rent.*

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen  
 The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,  
 Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,  
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.  
 My heart's e'en raised !—Dear neibour, will ye stay,  
 An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day ?  
 We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,  
 I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height :  
 I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the neist town,  
 An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' bröwn ;  
 An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,  
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.



*Sym.* I wad'na bauk my friend his blyth design  
Gif that it had'na first of a' been mine :  
For here yestreen I brewed a bow o' maut,  
Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime an' fat ;  
A furlet o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,  
An' a large ham hings reesting in the neuk :  
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,  
Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,  
A mutton bouk to boil ;—an' ane we'll roast ;  
An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost ;  
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice  
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice :  
Fat are the puddings,—heads an' feet weel sung ;  
An' we've invited neibours, auld an' yōung,  
To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,  
An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.  
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,  
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :  
Bring wi' you a' your family ; an' then,  
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

*Glaud.* Spoke like yersell, auld birky ; never fear,  
But at your banquet I sall first appear :  
Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,  
Till we forget that we are failed or auld.  
Auld, said I !—Troth I'm younger be a score,  
Wi' your good news, than what I was before.  
I'll dance or e'en !—Hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear ?

*Enter MADGE.*

*Madge.* The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here—

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste an' din?

Ye never let a body sit to spin.

*Glaud.* Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel, an' burn your tow,

An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,

Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

*Madge.* Blythe news indeed!—An' wha was't tald you o't?

*Glaud.* What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;

Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,

My white-skin hose, an' mittins for my hands;

Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,

An' mak' yoursells as trig, head, feet, an' waste,

As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;

For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

*Sym.* Do, honest Madge:—an', Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,  
An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,  
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.—  
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,  
Wi' faulded arms, an' hauf-raised looks, ye see

BAULDY *his lane.*

What's this !—I canna bear't ! 'Tis war than hell,  
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet dar'na tell !  
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,  
Sweeter, than gowany glens, or new mawn hay ;  
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows ;  
Straughter than aught that in the forest grows :  
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines ;  
The lily in her breast its beauty tines :  
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,  
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen !  
For Pate loes her,—waes me ! an' she loes Pate ;  
An' I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,  
Made a daft vow :—O, but ane be a beast,  
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest !  
I dar'na speak my mind, else a' the three,  
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy :

Its sair to thole ;—I'll try some witchcraft art,  
To break wi' ane, an' win the other's heart.  
Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price  
Can cast her cantrips, an' gi'e me advice :  
She can o'er cast the night, an' cloud the moon,  
An' mak' the deils obedient to her crune :  
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,  
An' howks unchristened weans out o' their graves ;  
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :  
Rins withershins about the hemlock low ;  
An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,  
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,  
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid's an' snakes :  
O' this, unsensy pictures aft she makes  
O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire  
Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire :  
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;  
The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.  
An' yonder's Mause ; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,  
When ane like me comes rinnin' to the deil.  
She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard ;  
To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd :  
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive ;  
They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[*Exit.*





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Bauldy— And yonder's Maase: ay, ay, she keeps fit well, | She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,  
when one like me comes running to the Deil. | To speak my errand, faith amonst I'm fear'd:

Act II. Scene III.

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## SCENE III.

A green kail-yard ; a little fount,  
Where water poplin springs :  
There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,  
An' yet she spins an' sings.

## SANG IX.

*Tune*—"Carle, an' the King come."

*Peggy, now the king's come,  
Peggy, now the king's come ;  
Thou shalt dance, an' I shall sing,  
Peggy, now the king's come.  
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,  
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,  
An' be a lady o' that ilk,  
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

*Enter BAULDY.*

*Baul.* How does auld honest lucky o' the glen ?  
Ye look baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.

*Mause.* E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,  
An' beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn ?  
Is there nae muck to lead ?—to thresh, nae corn ?

*Baul.* Eneugh o' baith—But something that requires  
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

*Mause.* My helping hand ! alake ! what can I do,  
That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow ?

*Baul.* Aye, but ye're wise, an' wiser far than we,  
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

*Mause.* O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,  
That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

*Baul.* The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise an' fell,  
Ye'll may be tak' it ill gif I should tell.

*Mause.* What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear ;  
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

*Baul.* Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'  
That ilk ane tauks about ye, but a flaw.  
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn ,  
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;  
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;  
When Tibby kirned, an' there nae butter came ;  
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean  
To a fairy turned, an' cou'dna stan' its lane ;  
When Wattie wandered ae night through the shaw,  
An' tint himsell amaist amang the snaw ;  
When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi' fright,  
When he brought east the howdy under night ;  
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,  
An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen :



You, lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,  
An' ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about :  
An' sae they may that mean to do you skaith ;  
For me to wrang you, I'll be very laith :  
But when I neist mak' groats, I'll strive to please  
You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

*Mause.* I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,  
An', if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

*Baul.* Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.—  
Peggy likes Pate ;—an' Pate is bauld an' slee,  
An' loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—  
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then  
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man !

*Mause.* I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right ;  
Sae gang your ways, an' come again at night ;  
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,  
Worth a' your pease an' groats ; tak' ye nae care.

*Baul.* Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find ;  
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind ;  
Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when it's late,  
Will mak' the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.  
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast ;—  
O will ye come, like Badrans, for a jest ?  
An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy :  
There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

*Mause.* It's like I may—but let nae on what's past  
'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

*Baul.* If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,  
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit* BAULDY.]

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty an' eild,  
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,  
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,  
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*  
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,  
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;  
Because by education I was taught  
To speak an' act aboon their common thought.  
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;  
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;  
Nane kens but me;—an' if the morn were come,  
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.  
[*Exit.*





*Enter an innkeeper and a servant*

*Peggy. — Agreed — But harken ye to our aunt's cry: I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.*

*Act III. Scene IV.*





## SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain;  
Pate and his Peggy meet;  
In love, without a vicious stain,  
The bonny lass an' cheerfu' swain  
Change vows an' kisses sweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

*Peg.* O Patie, let mé gang, I mauna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, an' Jenny she's away.

*Pat.* I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,  
An' Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themsells, I judge, as we.  
Heré, where primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,  
How saft the westlin winds sough, through the reeds!

*Peg.* The scented meadows,—birds,—an' healthy breeze,  
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

*Pat.* Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind;  
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind;  
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair.  
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,  
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flowers appear.  
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,  
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.  
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,  
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.  
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,  
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

*Peg.* But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,  
An' lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.  
I dar'na stay ;—ye joker, let me gang ;  
Anither lass may gar you change your sang ;  
Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

*Pat.* Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,  
An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap,  
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,  
The gaits to clim, the sheep to yield their fleece,  
Ere aught by me be either said or done,  
Shall skaith our love ; I swear by a' aboon.

*Peg.* Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,  
An' be mansworn to twa in hauf a year.  
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel ;  
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,  
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,  
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

*Pat.* I'm sure I canna change ; ye needna fear ;  
Though we're but young, I've loed you mony a year.

I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,  
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang  
O' a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand  
Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,  
Thou smiling by my side :—I took delyte  
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white ;  
O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flowery belt an' snood.

*Peg.* When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,  
An' I to milk the ewes first tried my skill ;  
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,  
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

*Pat.* When corns grew yellow, an' the hether bells  
Bloomed bonny on the muir, an' rising fells,  
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,  
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

*Peg.* When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,  
An' wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain :  
At a' these sports, thou still ga'e joy to me ;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

*Pat.* Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowdenknows*,  
An' Rosie lilts the *Milking o' the Ewes* ;  
There's nane like Nancy Jenny Nettles sings ;  
At turns in *Màggy Lauder*, Marion dings :  
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,  
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mill*,  
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;  
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

*Peg.* How eith can lasses trow what they desire !  
An', roosed by them we love, blaws up that fire :  
But wha loes best, let time an' carriage try ;  
Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.  
Be still as now ; an' a' my care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

### SANG X.

*Tune*—"The Yellow-hair'd Laddie."

*Peggy.*

*When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,  
An' I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,  
When I at the bughting foregathered wi' thee.*

*Patie.*

*When corn-riggs waved yellow, an' blue hether-bells  
Bloomed bonny on muirland, an' sweet rising fells,  
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, ga'e trouble to me,  
Gif I found the berries right ripened for thee.*

*Peggy.*

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
An' cam' aff the victor, my heart was aye fain ;  
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me ;  
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.*



Patie. —

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-broom-knowes,  
An' Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ewes ;  
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing ;  
At Thro' the Wood, Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring ;*

*But when my dear Peggy sings, wi' better skill,  
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lass of the Mill,  
Its mony times sweeter, an' pleasing to me ;  
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

Peggy.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire !  
An' praises sae kindly increases love's fire :  
Gie me still this pleasure, my study shall be,  
To mak' mysell better, an' sweeter for thee.*

Pat. Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,  
That little better than our nowt behave ;  
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe ;  
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve :—  
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how  
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true ;  
But thou, in better sense without a flaw,  
As in thy beauty, far excels them a' ;  
Continue kind, an' a' my care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

*Peg.* Agreed.—But hearken ! yon's auld aunty's cry,  
I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

*Pat.* An' let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,  
Or five-score guid anes wadna be amiss ;  
An' syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,  
That I made up last owk on you an' me.

*Peg.* Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

*Pat.* Weel, I agree.

### SANG XI.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,  
An' rowing een, that smiling tell the truth,  
I guess, my lassie, that as weel as I,  
You're made for love, an' why should ye deny ?*

*Peggy.*

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, an' syne the wooing's done :  
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,  
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard an' sour.*

*Patie.*

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may tine ; an' sae may ye.  
Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,  
An' I ha'e tholed an' wooed a lang half-year.*

Peggy singing, fa's into Patie's arms.

*Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's arms, for good an' a'.  
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,  
An' mint nae farer till we've got the grace.*

Patie, wi' his left hand about her waist.  
*O charming armfu' ! hence, ye cares, away,  
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day :  
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise ;  
O lash your steeds, post time away,  
An' haste about our bridal day !  
An' if ye're wearied, honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Exeunt.]

## ACT THIRD.

## SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,  
An' tent a man whase beard seems bleach'd wi' time;  
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;  
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.  
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,  
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves  
Through his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

*Sir WILLIAM solus.*

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,  
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes  
With a full view of every fertile plain,  
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.  
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,  
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.  
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands  
Without a roof, the gates fallen from their bands!  
The casements all broke down; no chimney left;  
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.  
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,  
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:



My gardens, once adorned the most complete,  
With all that nature, all that art made sweet ;  
Where, round the figured green and pebble walks,  
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks ;  
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,  
No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.  
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,  
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,  
And basked in rays, which early did produce  
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use !  
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,  
And from what stands the withered branches fly.  
These soon shall be repaired ;—and now my joy  
Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy ;  
My only prop, and object of my care,  
Since Heaven too soon called home his mother fair :  
Him, ere the rays of reason cleared his thought,  
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,  
And charged him strictly to conceal his birth,  
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.  
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,  
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn  
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,  
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.  
Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free ;  
Removed from crowns and courts, how cheerfully  
A calm contented mortal spends his time,  
In hearty health, his soul unstained with crime !

## SANG XII.

*Tune—"Happy Clown."*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn  
He starts as fresh as roses blown ;  
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn  
After his bleating flocks.  
Healthful and innocently gay,  
He chants and whistles out the day ;  
Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
Like courtly weather-cocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,  
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,  
Where truth and love with joys agree,  
Unsullied with a crime :  
Unmoved with what disturbs the great,  
In propping of their pride and state,  
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,  
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,  
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;  
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,  
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

It's Symon's house, please to step in,  
An' vissy't round an' round;  
There's nought superfluous to gi'e pain,  
Or costly to be found.  
Yet a' is clean: a clear peat-ingle  
Glances amidst the floor;  
The green-horn spoons, beech luggies mingle  
On skelfs foregainst the door.  
While the young brood sport on the green,  
The auld anes think it best,  
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,  
Snuff, crack, an' tak' their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

*Glaud.* We anes were young oursells.—I like to see  
The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic.  
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapon lad,  
An' better looks than his I never bade;  
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',  
An' tells his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.

*Elska.* Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;  
God mak' him gude, an' hide him aye frae skaith.  
He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,  
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

*Glaud.* I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,  
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.  
An' troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,  
As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,  
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

*Sym.* Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;  
My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch;  
An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,  
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

*Glaud.* What reason can ye ha'e? There's nane, I'm sure,  
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:  
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,  
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.  
Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,  
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,  
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;  
By an' attour, gif my guid luck abide,  
Ten lambs at spaining-time as lang's I live,  
An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

*Elspa.* Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speer  
What may be is nae fit ye yet should hear.

*Sym.* Or this day aught-days, likely, he shall learn  
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

*Glaud.* Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gie's the other bend;  
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

*Sym.* But, will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,  
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid



Down at your hallen-side ae morn in May,  
Right clean rowed up, an' bedded on dry hay?

*Glaud.* That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,  
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* O father, there's an auld man on the green,  
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :  
He tents our loofs, an' syne whups out a book,  
Turns o'er the leaves, an' gie's our brows a look ;  
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard :  
His head is gray, an' lang an' gray his beard.

*Sym.* Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say ;  
Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day ;

*[Exit JENNY.]*

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,  
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

*Glaud.* Spae-men ! the truth o' a' their saws I doubt ;  
For greater liars never ran thereout.

*JENNY returns, bringing in Sir WILLIAM ; with them*  
*PATIE.*

*Sym.* Ye're welcome, honest carle ; here tak' a seat.

*Sir Wil.* I gi'e ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

*Glaud.* [*Drinks*] Come, here's t'ye, friend—How far came  
ye the day?

*Sir Wil.* I pledge ye, neighbour ;—e'en but little way ;

Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang ;  
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

*Sym.* Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,  
An' tak' sic bed an' board as we can gi'e.

*Sir Wil.* That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye ha'e a bairn  
That ye like weel, an' wad his fortune learn,  
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill  
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

*Sym.* [*Pointing to PATIE.*] Only that lad :—alake ! I  
ha'e nae mae,  
Either to mak' me joyfu' now, or wae.

*Sir Wil.* Young man, let's see your hand ;—what gars ye  
sneer ?

*Pat.* Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

*Sir Wil.* Ye cut before the point, but, billy, bide,  
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

*Elsa.* Betouch-us-too ! an' weel I wat that's true ;—  
Awa, awa ! the deil's o'er grit wi' you ;—  
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

*Sir Wil.* I'll tell ye mair ; if this young lad be spar'd  
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

*Elsa.* A laird ! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now ?

*Sym.* I dinna ken !—Strange auld man, what art thou ?  
Fair fa' your heart, its guid to bode o' wealth ;  
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*PATIE's health gaes round.*]

*Pat.* A laird o' twa gude whistles an' a kent,  
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,  
Is a' my great estate—an' like to be :  
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

*Sym.* Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand,  
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

*Elsa.* Preserve's !—the man's a warlock, or possest  
Wi' some nae good, or second sight at least :  
Where is he now ?——

*Glaud.* He's seeing a' that's done  
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

*Elsa.* These second-sighted fouk, (his peace be here !)  
See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear  
As I can see my thumb.—Wow ! can he tell  
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell,)  
How soon we'll see Sir William ? Whisht, he heaves,  
An' speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

*Sym.* He'll soon grow better ;—*Elsa*, haste ye, gae  
An' fill him up a tass o' usquebæ.

*Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.*

A Knight, that for a *Lyon* fought,  
Against a herd of bears,  
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,  
In which some thousands shares.

But now again the *Lyon* rares,  
And joy spreads o'er the plain :  
The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,  
The Knight returns again.  
That Knight, in a few days, shall bring  
A shepherd frae the fauld,  
And shall present him to his King,  
A subject true and bauld.  
He *Mr Patrick* shall be call'd :—  
All you that hear me now,  
May well believe what I have tald,  
For it shall happen true.

*Sym.* Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel ;  
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargained wi' the deil,  
To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep ;  
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

*Sir Wil.* Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,  
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;  
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,  
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

*Sym.* You prophesying fouks are odd kind men !  
They're here that ken, an' here that disna kèn,  
The wimpled meaning o' your unco tale,  
Whilk soon will mak' a noise o'er muir an' dale.

*Glaud.* It's nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,  
An' tak'st for gospel what the spaeman gives







By Allan Ramsay.

Sir William. *Whisht doubtful earl, for ere the sun  
Has driven twice down to the sea,*

*What I have said ye shall see done  
In part, or nae mair credit me.*

Act III Scene II.



O' flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :

But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

*Sir Wil.* Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun

Has driven twice down to the sea,

What I have said, ye shall see done

In part, or nae mair credit me.

*Glaud.* Weel, be't sae, friend ; I shall sae naething mair ;

But I've twa sonsy lasses, young an' fair,

Plump ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee

Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

*Sir Wil.* Nae mair through secrets can I sift

Till darkness black the bent :

I ha'e but anes a day that gift ;

Sae rest a while content.

*Sym.* Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,

An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

*Sir Wil.* Delay a while your hospitable care ;

I'd rather enjoy this evening, calm an' fair,

Around yon ruined tower, to fetch a walk

Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

*Sym.* Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—

An', Glaud, you'll tak' your pipe beside the fire ;—

We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,

Syne sup together, an' tak' our pint, and crack.

*Glaud.* I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play :

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame ;  
Young Roger draps the rest,  
To whisper out his melting flame,  
An' thow his lasses breast.  
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet.  
See, Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.  
Poor Shepherd !

ROGER *and* JENNY.

*Rog.* Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;  
An' yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

*Jen.* An' what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak ?  
Am I obliged to guess what ye're to seek ?

*Rog.* Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,  
Baith by my service, sighs, an' langing een.  
An' I maun out wi't, though I risk your scorn ;  
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' morn.  
Ah ! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be ;  
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

*Jen.* An' wha kens, honest lad, but what I may ?  
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

*Rog.* Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,  
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,





Jenny. And what would Roger say if he could speak? | Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek.

Act III Scene III.

For Watt & Bailie Publishers & Stationers Leith 1 June 1808.





For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,  
Has win your love, an' near your heart may lie.

*Jen.* I loe my father, cousin Meg I love ;  
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move :  
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;  
An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

*Rog.* How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that again ;  
What pleasure can ye tak' in giving pain ?  
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free ;  
Wha kens but ye may rue, an' pity me ?

*Jen.* Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set  
On that whilk mak's our sweetness soon forget.  
Wow ! but we're bonny, guid, an' every thing ;  
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing !  
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,  
Than we our daffin an' tint power repent ;  
When prisoned in four wa's, a wife right tame,  
Although the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

*Rog.* That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,  
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare ;  
Or when dull parents bairns together bind  
O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.  
But love, true downright love, engages me,  
(Though thou shou'dst scorn,) still to delyte in thee.

*Jen.* What sugar'd words frae wooers' lips can fa' !  
But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.  
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,  
An' soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.

I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,  
An' soon in mossy puddles disappear !  
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;  
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

*Rog.* I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,  
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.  
I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,  
Increase, an' join the ocean without stain ;  
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;  
Rejoice through life, an' a' your fears beguile.

*Jen.* Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,  
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain :  
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,  
Although I joked, I loed your company ;  
An' ever had a warmness in my breast,  
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

*Rog.* I'm happy now ! o'er happy ! haud my head !  
This gush o' pleasure's like to be my dead.  
Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fired  
Wi' wond'ring love ! let's kiss till we be tired.  
Kiss, kiss ! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,  
An' ferly at the quick return o' day !  
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,  
An' briss thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.



## SANG XIII.

*Tune*—"Leith Wynd."

Jenny.

*Were I assured you'd constant prove,  
You should nae mair complain ;  
The easy maid beset wi' love,  
Few words will quickly gain :  
For I must own, now since you're free,  
This too fond heart o' mine  
Has lang a black-sole true to thee,  
Wished to be paired wi' thine.*

Roger.

*I'm happy now, ah ! let my head  
Upon thy breast recline ;  
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;  
Is Jenny then sae kind !  
O let me briss thee to my heart !  
An' round my arms entwine :  
Delytefu' thought ! we'll never part ;  
Come, press thy mouth to mine..*

*Jen.* Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,  
To own thy weel-tried love has won the day..

Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,  
Swear thus to loe me, when by vows made ane.

*Rog.* I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,  
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb,  
There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,  
If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.

*Jen.* Weel I agree : neist to my parent gae,  
Get his consent ; he'll hardly say ye nae.  
Ye hae what will commend ye to him weel,  
Auld fouks, like them, that want ay milk an' meal.

#### SANG XIV.

*Tune—" O'er Bogie."*

*Weel, I agree, ye're sure o' me ;  
Neist to my father gae :  
Mak' him content to gie consent,  
He'll hardly say ye nae :  
For ye hae what he wad be at,  
And will commend ye weel,  
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,  
When bairns want milk an' meal.*

*Should he deny, I carena by,  
He'd contradict in vain ;  
Though a' my kin had said an' sworn,  
But thee I will ha'e nane.*

*Then never range, nor learn to change,  
Like those in high degree ;  
An' if you prove faithfu' in love,  
You'll find nae fau't in me.*

*Rog.* My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,  
As mony newcal in my byers rout ;  
Five packs o' woo' I can at Lammas sell,  
Shorn frae my bob-tailed bleaters on the fell ;  
Guid twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,  
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.  
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house an' tight,  
Was still her care, my father's great delight.  
They left me a', whilk now gie's joy to me,  
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee :  
An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,  
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.  
My love an' a' is yours ; now haud them fast,  
An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

*Jen.* I'll do my best. But see wha comes this way,  
Patie an' Meg : besides, I mauna stay.  
Let's steal frae ither now, an' meet the morn ;  
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

*Rog.* To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,  
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool.  
Keep tryst, an' meet me there : there let us meet,  
To kiss an' tell our love ; there's nought sae sweet !

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight an' Sym,  
Within a gall'ry o' the place,  
Where a' looks ruinous an' grim;  
Nor has the baron shawn his face,  
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,  
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

*Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.*

*Sir Wil.* To whom belongs this house so much decayed?

*Sym.* To ane that lost it, lending generous aid  
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail  
Against the laws o' nature did prevail.  
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,  
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy now he's come hame.

(Sir William draps his masking beard;  
Simon, transported, sees  
The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,  
An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master! Do I breathe  
To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!  
Returned to chear his wishing tenants' sight!  
To bless his son, my charge, the warld's delight!



*Sir Wil.* Rise, faithful Symon ; in my arms enjoy  
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy :  
I came to view thy care in this disguise,  
And am confirmed thy conduct has been wise ;  
Since still the secret thou'st securely sealed,  
And ne'er to him his real birth revealed.

*Sym.* The due obedience to your strict command  
Was the first lock ; niest my ain judgment fand  
Out reasons plenty ; since, without estate,  
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch an' blate—

*Sir Wil.* And often vain and idly spend their time,  
Till, grown unfit for action, past their prime,  
Hang on their friends, which gives their souls a cast,  
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

*Sym.* Now, weel I wat, sir, ye ha'e spoken true ;  
For there's laird Kyttie's son, that's loed by few.  
His father steght his fortune in his wame,  
An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.  
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,  
As scrimpt o' manners as o' sense an' grace :  
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,  
That are within his tenth degree o' kin ;  
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust  
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

*Sir Wil.* Such useless branches of a commonwealth  
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,  
Unworthy bare reflection. Symon, run  
O'er all your observations on my son :

A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,  
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

*Sym.* To speak his praise, the langest simmer day  
Wad be o'er short, could I them right display.  
In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,  
'That out o' sight he rins afore the lave ;  
An' when there's ony quarrel or contest,  
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;  
An' his decreet stands guid : he'll gar it stand ;  
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.  
Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,  
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

*Sir Wil.* Your tale much pleases. My good friend, proceed.  
What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

*Sym.* Baith wonder weel ; for, troth, I didna spare  
To gi'e him, at the school, eneugh o' lair ;  
An' he delytes in books. He reads and speaks,  
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

*Sir Wil.* Where gets he books to read ? and of what kind ?  
Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

*Sym.* Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinbrugh port,  
He buys some books o' history, sangs, or sport :  
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,  
An' carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.  
About ane Shakespeare, an' a famous Ben,  
He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.  
How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing,  
An' ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,  
He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made ower great a phrase  
About fine poems, histories, an' plays :  
When I reproved him anes, a book he brings,  
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes, I crack wi' kings.

*Sir Wil.* He answered well ; and much ye glad my ear,  
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.  
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind  
Above a lord's that is not thus inclined.

*Sym.* What ken we better, that sae sindle look,  
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ;  
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,  
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursell.

*Sir Wil.* Well jested, Symon. But one question more  
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.  
The youth's arrived the age when little loves  
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves :  
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,  
And rosy cheeks, the wonder o' the green,  
Engaged his look, an' caught his youthful heart ?

*Sym.* I feared the warst, but kend the sma'est part,  
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet  
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet.  
I had my fears, but now ha'e nought to fear,  
Since, like yoursell, your son will soon appear.  
A gentleman, enriched wi' a' thae charms,  
May bless the fairest, best born lady's arms.

*Sir Wil.* This night must end his unambitious fire,  
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.

Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me ;  
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.  
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand ;  
They come just at the time I gave command.  
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress :  
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

*Sym.* Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,  
There's nane can ken that is na downright me.

[*Exit* SYMON.

*Sir WILLIAM solus.*

When the event of hope successfully appears,  
One happy hour cancels the toil of years ;  
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,  
And cares evanish like a morning dream ;  
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,  
The pain that's past enhances the delight.  
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,  
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.  
But from his rustic business and love,  
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,  
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.  
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,  
Only in little breakings shews its light,  
Till artful polishing has made it shine :  
Thus education makes the genius bright.



## SANG XV.

*Tune*—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen?"

*Now from rusticity and love,  
Whose flames but over lowly burn,  
My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,  
His soul must take another turn.  
As the rough diamond from the mine,  
In breakings only shews its light,  
Till polishing has made it shine,  
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

[Exit.

## ACT FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

The scene described in former page,  
Glaud's onset.—Enter MAUSE an' MADGE.

MAUSE and MADGE.

*Madge.* Our laird's come hame ! an' owns young Pate  
his heir.

*Mause.* That's news indeed !—

*Madge.* As true as ye stand there.  
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,  
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard  
Five nieves in length, an' white as driven snaw,  
Amang us cam, cried, *Haud ye merry a'*.  
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,  
While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.  
As we stood round about him on the green,  
He viewed us a', but fixt on Pate his een ;  
Then pawkily pretended he could spae,  
Yet for his pains an' skill wad naithing hae.

*Mause.* Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping coof,  
Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.

*Madge.* As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,  
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mou,  
When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,  
In simmer days slides backward in a pool :  
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretel,  
Without the help o' conjuring or spell.  
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,  
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew .  
His welcome master ; round his knees he gat,  
Hung at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.  
Patrick was sent for ; happy lad is he !  
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.  
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :  
An' troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,  
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,  
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsel.  
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

*Mause.* It may be sae, wha kens, an' may be no.  
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain :  
Even kings hae tane a queen out o' the plain ;  
An' what has been before may be again.

*Madge.* Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher guid,  
'Tween a herd's bairn, an' ane o' gentle bluid !  
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be,  
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

*Mause.* Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain :  
Yonder he comes, an' wow but he looks fain !  
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

*Madge.* He get her! slaverin doof! it sets him weel  
To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teel.  
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

*Mause.* Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;  
An' sae wad I. But, whisht, here Bauldy comes.

*Enter BAULDY, singing.*

### SANG XVI.

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't?  
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher guid.  
For my tocher guid, I winna marry thee:  
Eens-ye-like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.*

*Mause.* Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

*Baul.* I'se gi'e ye'd a', its better than its lang.

*I ha'e gowd an' gear, I ha'e land eneugh,  
I ha'e sax guid owsen ganging in a pleugh;  
Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkan o'er the lee,  
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I ha'e a guid ha'-house, a barn, an' a byer;  
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;  
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,  
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*



*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,  
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;  
Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free;  
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow sae; lasses will come to at last,  
Though for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

*Mause.* Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?—

*Baul.* Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

*Madge.* An' wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

*Baul.* To find out that is nae difficult task;—

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair  
On Pate turned Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.  
Now, now, guid Madge, an' honest Mause, stand be,  
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.  
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,  
Less wilfu', an' ay constant in my love.

*Madge.* As Neps can witness, an' the bushy thorn,  
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.  
Fy! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard;  
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?  
The curse o' Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,  
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.  
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gait;  
Nor will she be advised, fu' weel I wat.

*Baul.* Sae gray a gait! mansworn! an' a' the rest!  
Ye lied, auld roudes,—an', in faith, had best

Eat in your words ; else I shall gar ye stand,  
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

*Madge.* Ye'll gar me stand ! ye shevelling-gabbit brock !  
Speak that again, an' trembling, dread my rock ;  
An' ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,  
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

*Baul.* I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say,  
That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,  
An' should be served as his guid-breeding claims.  
Ye filthy dog !—

*[Flees to his hair like a fury. A stout battle.*

*MAUSE endeavours to redd them.*

*Mause.* Let gang your grips ; fy, Madge ! howt, Bauldy,  
leen !

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,  
It's sae daft-like.—

*[BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with  
a bleeding nose.*

*Madge.* It's dafter like to thole  
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.  
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,  
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;  
They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,  
An', or they died, their bairns' bairns ha'e seen.

*Mausé.* That's true ;—an', Bauldy, ye was far to blame,  
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christened name.

*Baul.* My lugs, my nose, an' noddle, find the same.









*Madge.* Auld roudes ! filthy fallow, I sall auld ye.

*Mause.* Howt, no ; ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.  
Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farder gae :  
Ye maun forgi'e 'm ; I see the lad looks wae.

*Baul.* In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge nae spite :  
But she abusing first was a' the wyte  
O' what has happened, and should therefore crave  
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

*Madge.* I crave your pardon ! gallows-face, gae greet,  
An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat ;  
Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,  
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.  
Vow, an' lowp back ! was e'er the like heard tell ?  
Swith, tak him, deil ; he's o'er lang out o' hell.

*Baul.* [*Running off.*] His presence be about us ! curst  
were he  
That were condemned for life to live wi' thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

*Madge.* [*Laughing.*] I think I've towzed his harigalds  
a wee ;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.  
He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve  
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

*Mause.* Ye towin'd him tightly. I commend ye for't ;  
His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport :  
For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,  
An' breeding baith, to tell me to my face,

He hoped I was a witch, an' wadna stand  
To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

*Madge.* A witch ! how had ye patience this to bear,  
An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear ?

*Mause.* Auld withered hands, an' feeble joints like mine,  
Obliges fouk resentment to decline ;  
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we  
Wi' cunning can the lake o' pith supplie.  
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,  
Syne bade him come, an' we should gang to wark .  
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst ; an' I came here  
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

*Madge.* An' special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest ;  
Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.  
A linen sheet wound round me, like ane dead,  
I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shake my head.  
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang  
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

*Mause.* Then let us gae ; for see, it's hard on night,  
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,  
An' the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,  
While guid Sir William is to rest retired,  
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,  
Walks through the broom wi' Roger ever leel,  
To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak fareweel.

*PATIE and ROGER.*

*Rog.* Wow but I'm cadgie, an' my heart lowps light !  
O Maister Patrick ! ay your thoughts were right.  
Sure gentle fouk are farrer seen than we,  
That naething ha'e to brag o' pedigree.  
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,  
Is perfect yielding, sweet, an' nae mair scorn.  
I spak my mind ; she heard. I spak again ;  
She smiled. I kissed, I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

*Pat.* I'm glad to hear't. But O ! my change this day  
Heaves up my joy, an' yet I'm sometimes wae.  
I've found a father gently kind as brave,  
An' an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.  
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,  
He a' the father to my soul exprest,  
While close he held me to his manly breast

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smiled the mouth  
 Of thy loved mother, blessing of my youth,  
 Who set too soon ! An' while he praise bestowed,  
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flowed.  
 My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,  
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail ;  
 That speechless lang, my late kend sire I viewed,  
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedewed.  
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,  
 Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found  
 The happy son o' ane sae much renowned.  
 But he has heard !—Too faithful Symon's fear  
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,  
 Which he forbids. Ah ! this confounds my peace,  
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

*Rog.* How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :  
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

*Pat.* Duty, an' haflen reason, plead his cause :  
 But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws ?  
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,  
 An' part o' my new happiness repels.

### SANG XVII.

*Tune*—"Kirk wad let me be."

*Duty an' part o' reason*

*Plead strong on the parent's side,  
 Which love so superior ca's treason ;  
 The strongest must be obeyed :*



*For now, though I'm ane o' the gentry,  
My constancy falsehood repels,  
For change in my heart has no entry,  
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Rog. Enjoy them baith. Sir William will be won :  
Your Peggy's bonny ; you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, an' stronger ties o' love ;  
An' frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.  
I'll wed nane else ; through life I will be true,  
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master an' yoursell to stay  
Amang us here ? or, are ye gawn away  
To London court, or ither far aff parts,  
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts ?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance ;  
To London neist, an' afterwards to France,  
Where I maun stay some years an' learn to dance,  
An' twa three other monkey tricks. That done,  
I come hame strutting in my red-heeled shoon.  
Then it's designed, when I can weel behave,  
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,  
For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,  
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.  
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,  
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha ha'e just eneugh can soundly sleep ;  
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.*

Guid maister Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

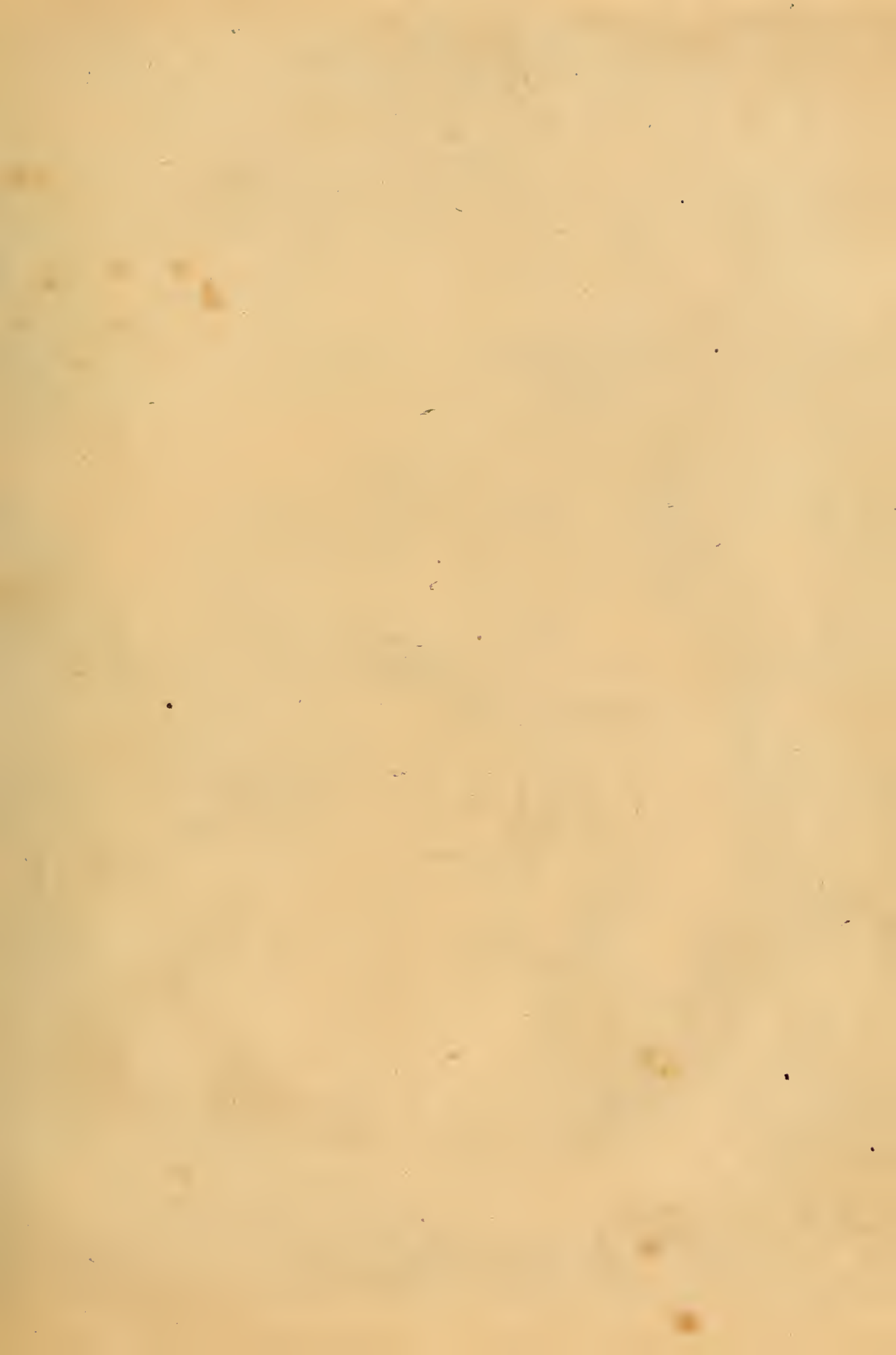
*Pat.* What was my morning thought, at night's the same:  
The poor an' rich but differ in the name.  
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure  
Frae 'boon the lift; without it kings are poor.

*Rog.* But an estate, like your's, yields braw content,  
When we but pick it scanty on the bent:  
Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, an' red wine,  
Guid cheer, an' witty friends, whene'er ye dine;  
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease,—  
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

*Pat.* Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks na far amiss;  
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.  
The passions rule the roast; an', if they're sour,  
Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.  
The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,  
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.  
The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,  
Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease:  
While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,  
Enjoys his sober wish, an' halesome air.

*Rog.* Lord, man! I wonder ay, an' it delights  
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.  
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad hear,  
That I may easier disappointments bear?

*Pat.* Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill;  
Thae best can teach what's real guid an' ill.  
Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,  
To gain thae silent friends, that ever please.







*I'll run crutchy into the*

*Patie,*

*My Peggy why in tears?  
Smile as ye want, allow me room for fears,*

*The I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.*

Act IV Scene II.



*Rog.* I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy :  
Faith I'se ha'e books, though I should sell my kye.  
But now let's hear how you're designed to move,  
Between Sir William's will, an' Peggy's love.

*Pat.* Then here it lies :—His will maun be obeyed,  
My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride :  
But I some time this last design maun hide.  
Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here ;  
I sent for Peggy. Yonder comes my dear.

*Rog.* Pleased that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,  
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy. [*Exit ROGER.*]

*PATIE solus.*

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart  
My father's will to her that hauds my heart !  
I ken she loes, an' her saft saul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated brink  
O' disappointment. Heaven support my fair,  
An' let her comfort claim your tender care !  
Her eyes are red !—

*Enter PEGGY.*

My Peggy, why in tears ?  
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :  
Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

*Peg.* I darna think sae high. I now repine  
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me  
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.

Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast  
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost ?  
Like to be carried by some reever's hand,  
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land.

*Pat.* Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it wi' me remains  
To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.  
My father has forbid our loves, I own ;  
But love's superior to a parent's frown.  
I falsehood hate : come, kiss thy cares away ;  
I ken to love as weel as to obey.  
Sir William's gen'rous ; leave the task to me,  
To mak strict duty an' true love agree.

*Peg.* Speak on ! speak ever thus, an' still my grief ;  
But short I dar to hope the fond relief.  
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,  
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire ;  
Then I, poor me ! wi' sighs may ban my fate,  
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate ;  
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,  
By the blythe shepherd that excelled the rest :  
Nae mair be envyed by the tattling gang,  
When Patie kissed me, when I danced or sang  
Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,  
An' rin hauf breathless round the rucks o' hay ;  
As aft-times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,  
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.  
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,  
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.

But hear my vow, 'twill help to gi'e me ease ;  
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,  
An' warst o' ills attend my wretched life,  
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

## SANG XVIII.

*Tune*—"Wa'es my heart that we should sunder."

*Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief,  
Haud up a heart that's sinking under  
Thae fears, that soon will want relief,  
When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder :  
A gentler face, an' silk attire,  
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,  
Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,  
To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.*

*Nae mair the shepherd, wha excelled  
The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,  
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell :  
Ah ! I can die ; but never sunder.  
Ye meadows, where we aften strayed,  
Ye banks, where we were wont to wander ;  
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we played,  
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah ! shall I never creep  
Around the knowe wi' silent duty,  
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
An' wonder at thy manly beauty ?  
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
Though thou should'st prove a wandering lover,  
Through life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a wife to any other.*

*Pat.* Sure Heaven approves : an' be assured o' me,  
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :  
An' time, though time maun interpose a while,  
An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle ;  
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,  
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.  
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move  
The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.  
If at my feet were crowns an' sceptres laid,  
To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid !  
For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things,  
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—  
Wherefore that tear ? Believe, an' calm thy mind.

*Peg.* I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.  
When hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk despair  
Made me think life was little worth my care,  
My heart was like to burst ; but now I see  
Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.



Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,  
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear ;  
An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms,  
To mak me fitter for my traveller's arms :  
I'll gain on uncle Glaud ; he's far frae fool,  
An' will not grudge to put me through ilk school,  
Where I may manners learn.

## SANG XIX.

*Tune—"Tweed-side."*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,  
My heart it was going to break ;  
My life appeared worthless my care ;  
But now I will save't for thy sake.  
Where'er my love travels by day,  
Wherever he lodges by night,  
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,  
An' my saul keep him ever in sight.*

*Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,  
An' study the gentlest o' charms ;  
Hope time away, till thou appear,  
To lock thee for ay in these arms.  
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I prized  
Nae higher degree in this life ;  
But now I'll endeavour to rise  
To a height that's becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty, that's only skin deep,  
Must fade like the gowans in May ;  
But inwardly rooted, will keep  
For ever without a decay.  
Nor age, nor the changes o' life,  
Can quench the fair fire o' love,  
If virtue's ingrained in the wife,  
An' the husband ha'e sense to approve.*

*Pat.* That's wisely said,  
An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid.  
Though, without a' the little helps o' art,  
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,  
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,  
We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;  
Affect at times to like the thing we hate,  
An' drap serenity to keep up state ;  
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,  
An', for the fashion, when we're blythe seem wae ;  
Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorned,  
Then scandalize them when their backs are turned.

*Peg.* If this is gentry, I had rather be  
What I am still ; but I'll be aught wi' thee.

*Pat.* Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest  
Wi' gentry's apes : for still amangst the best,  
Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,  
When native virtues join the arts to please.

*Peg.* Since wi' nae hazard, an' sae sma' expence,  
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,  
Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea  
Endanger thy dear life, an' frighten me ?  
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,  
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

*Pat.* There is nae doubt but travelling does improve ;  
Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love.  
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast  
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

*Peg.* Wi' every setting day, an' rising morn,  
I'll kneel to Heaven, an' ask thy safe return.  
Under that tree, an' on the Suckler brae,  
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin an' play ;  
An' to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vowed  
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trowed,  
I'll aften gang, an' tell the trees an' flowers,  
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

### SANG XX.

*Tune*—" Bush aboon Traquair."

*At setting day, an' rising morn,  
Wi' saul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask o' Heaven thy safe return,  
Wi' a' that can improve thee.*

*I'll visit aft the birken bush,  
Where first thou kindly tald me  
Sweet tales o' love, an' hid my blush,  
Whilst round thou didst infald me.*

*To a' our haunts I will repair,  
To greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;  
Or where the simmer-day I'd share  
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.  
There will I tell the trees an' flowers  
Frae thoughts unfeigned and tender,  
By vows you're mine, by love is yours  
A heart that cannot wander.*

*Pat.* My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,  
A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair,  
Which, as a sample o' each lovely charm,  
I'll aften kiss, an' wear about my arm.

*Peg.* Were't in my power wi' better boons to please,  
I'd gi'e the best I could wi' the same ease ;  
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'n to me,  
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

*Pat.* I doubt it nae ; but since we've little time,  
To ware't on words wad border on a crime :  
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,  
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,  
An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.  
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbuttoned coat,  
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON *and* BAULDY.

*Sym.* What want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,  
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power?  
Far to the north the scant approaching light  
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.  
What gars ye shake, an' glöwr, an' look sae wan?  
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

*Baul.* O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale!  
My head's grown dizzy, legs wi' shaking fail;  
I'll ne'er dare venture out at night my lane,  
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.  
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[SYMON *gives him a drink.*

*Sym.* What ails thee, gowk! to mak sae loud ado?

You've waked Sir William ; he has left his bed ;  
He comes, I fear, ill-pleased. I hear his tread.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM.*

*Sir Wil.* How goes the night ? Does day-light yet appear ?—  
Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

*Sym.* I'm sorry, sir, that we've disturbed your rest ;  
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest ;  
He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.

*Baul.* O ay, dear sir, in troth its very true,  
An' I am come to mak my plaint to you.

*Sir Wil.* [*smiling.*] I lang to hear't.

*Baul.* Ah ! sir, the witch ca'd Mause,  
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,  
First promised that she'd help me, wi' her art,  
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.  
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night ;  
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright !  
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me guid,  
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid !)  
Raised up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,  
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk :  
Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.  
Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,  
An' gat me down ; while I, like a great fool,  
Was laboured as I used to be at school.  
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,  
I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,





Bauldy. *Ah! Sir the witch ca'd Mause,  
That wins about the Mill among the haws,*

*As she had tristed, I met w'ter this night  
But may nae friend o'mine get sic a fright!*

Act V Scene I.







Till wi' an elritch laugh, they vanished quite :  
Syne I, hauf dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,  
Crap up, an' fled straught frae them, sir, to you,  
Houping your help to gi'e the deil his due.  
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,  
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

*Sir Wil.* Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be.  
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

*Baul.* Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey ;  
But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa-three mae,  
To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,  
An' cast her cantrips that bring up the deil. [*Exit.*

*Sir Wil.* Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt ;  
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.  
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,  
That is through want of education blind !

*Sym.* But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,  
As witches raising deils up through a ring,  
Syne playing tricks ? a thousand I could tell,  
Could never be contrived on this side hell.

*Sir Wil.* Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,  
Amongst a few old women, crazed and poor,  
Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and lowp  
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp ;  
Appearing sometimes like a black-horned cow,  
Aft-times like bawty, badrans, or a sow :  
Then with his train through airy paths to glide,  
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,  
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :  
Then oft, by night, bumbaze hard-hearted fools,  
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools.  
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,  
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

*Sym.* Its true eneugh, we ne'er heard that a witch  
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich :  
But Mause, though poor, is a sagacious wife,  
An' lives a quiet an' very honest life ;  
That gars me think this hobblesheiw that's past,  
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

*Sir Wil.* I'm sure it will. But see, increasing light  
Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;  
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,  
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

### SANG XXI.

*Tune*—"Bonny grey-ey'd morn."

*The bonny gray-eyed morn begins to peep,  
And darkness flies before the rising ray,  
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,  
To follow healthful labours of the day ;*

*Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,  
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,  
And he joins their concert driving his plow,  
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While flustered with wine, or maddened with loss  
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
The drunkard and gamestêr tumble and toss,  
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.  
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,  
Placed at a due distance from parties and state,  
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,  
Reach him who has happiness linked to his fate.*

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair :  
Glaud, by his morning ingle tak's a beek,  
The rising sun shines motty through the reek;  
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,  
An' now an' then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY, and PEGGY.

*Glaud.* I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night ;  
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.  
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,  
To tak your leave o' Patrick or he gang.  
But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,  
That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

*Jen.* Though he's young master now, I'm very sure,  
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, though poor.  
But yesterday, he ga'e us mony a tug,  
An' kissed my cousin there frae lug to lug.

*Glaud.* Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, an' he'll do't again ;  
But be advised, his company refrain :  
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,  
Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life ;





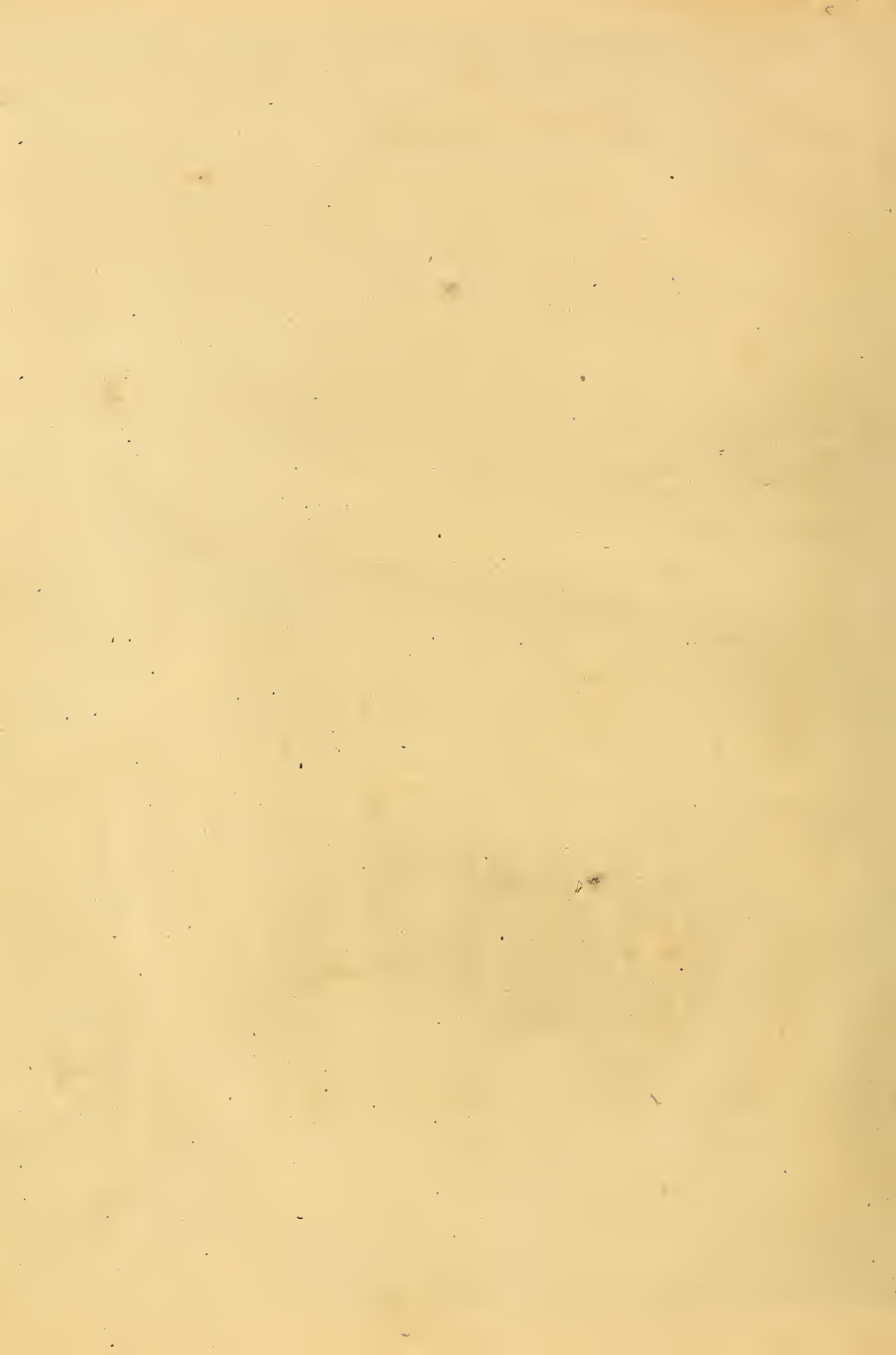
D. Allan inv. & J. T. La fec.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,      The rising sun shines mottly thro the reek*  
*Wi a blue snood Jenny binds 'p her hair,      A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,*  
*Glaud by his morning ingie takes a beek,      And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

For Watt & D. Ball's Publishers & Stationers Edin 1 June 1808.

Act V Scene II.





But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake  
Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

*Peg.* A rake! what's that? Sure, if it means aught ill,  
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

*Glaud.* Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair;  
Ane young, an' guid, an' gentle, 's unco rare.  
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame  
To do what like o' us thinks sin to name:  
Sic are sae void o' shame, they'll never stap  
To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap.  
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith flushed,  
Syne mak ye a' their jest, whan ye're debauched.  
Be wary then, I say, an' never gi'e  
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

*Peg.* Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood;  
An' may na Patrick too, like him, be good?

*Glaud.* That's true; an' mony gentry mae than he,  
As they are wiser, better are than we,  
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,  
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,  
That shaws the gate to heaven: I've heard mysell  
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

*Jen.* Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;  
Sure him, that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

*Glaud.* Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor  
think,  
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, an' drink:

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought  
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

*Peg.* The Lord forbid ! Na, he kens better things :  
But here comes aunt ; her face some ferly brings.

*Enter MADGE.*

*Madge.* Haste, haste ye ; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,  
To hear, an' help to redd some odd debate  
'Tween Mause an' Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,  
At Symon's house : the knight sits judge himsell.

*Glaud.* Lend me my staff. Madge, lock the outer door,  
An' bring the lasses wi' ye : I'll step before.

*[Exit GLAUD.]*

*Madge.* Poor Meg !—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen ?  
How bleered an' red wi' greeting look her een !  
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,  
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh corss ;  
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,  
For a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane ;  
To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,  
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay ;  
To leave the green-swaird dance, whan we gae milk,  
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.  
But Meg, poor Meg ! maun wi' the shepherds stay,  
An' tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

*Peg.* Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn ?  
Its no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.



Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,  
I ne'er had noticed Patie on the green.  
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?  
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;  
An' then, the like has been, if the decree  
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

*Madge.* A bonny story, troth! But we delay;  
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-armed chair,  
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause,  
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear  
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :  
For now it's telled him that the taz  
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,  
Because he brak guid-breeding's laws,  
An' wi' his nonsense raised their rage.

*Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD, BAULDY,  
and MAUSE.*

*Sir Wil.* And was that all ? Well, Bauldy, ye was served  
No otherwise than what ye well deserved.  
Was it so small a matter to defame,  
And thus abuse an honest woman's name ?  
Besides your going about to have betrayed,  
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

*Baul.* Sir, I confess my faut, through a' the steps,  
An' ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

*Mause.* Thus far, sir, he obliged me, on the score  
I kendna that they thought me sic before.

*Baul.* An't like your honour, I believed it weel ;  
But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil :

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, though she's nae witch,  
She's baith a slee an' a revengefu' ——,  
An' that my *some-place* finds. But I had best  
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,  
An' the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek  
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

*Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.*

*Sir Wil.* [*Looking at PEGGY.*] Whose daughter's she, that  
wears th' aurora gown,  
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?  
How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find!  
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.  
Such were the features once adorned a face,  
Which death too soon deprived of sweetest grace.—  
Is this your daughter, Glaud?

*Glaud.* Sir, she's my niece;  
An' yet she's not: but I should haud my peace.

*Sir Wil.* This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?  
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should mak appear  
What I ha'e kept a secret thretteen year——

*Mause.* You may reveal what I can fully clear.

*Sir Wil.* Speak soon; I'm all impatience!

*Pat.* Sae am I!

For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.

*Glaud.* Then, since my master orders, I obey:—

This bonny foundling, ae clear morn o' May,  
Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,  
A' sweet, an' clean, an' carefully hapt round,  
In infant weeds, o' rich an' gentle make.  
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?  
Wha, warse than brutes, could leave exposed to air  
Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,  
Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me  
Only about twa towmands auld to be.  
I took her in my arms; the bairnie smiled  
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.  
I hid the story. She has passed sinsyne  
As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine:  
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,  
For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.  
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's guid,  
An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid;  
O' wham I kenna. Naething I ken mair,  
Than what I to your honour now declare.

*Sir Wil.* This tale seems strange!

*Pat.* The tale delights my ear!

*Sir Wil.* Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

*Mause.* That be my task. Now, sir, bid a' be hush;  
Peggy may smile; thou hast nae cause to blush.  
Lang ha'e I wished to see this happy day,  
That I might safely to the truth g'e way;



That I may now Sir William Worthy name,  
The best an' nearest friend that she can claim ;  
He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace  
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

*Sir Wil.* Old woman, do not rave, prove what you say ;  
It's dangerous in affairs like this to play.

*Pat.* What reason, sir, can an auld woman have  
To tell a lie, when she's sae ne'er her grave ?  
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,  
I every-thing looks like a reason want.

*Omnes.* The story's odd ! We wish we heard it out.

*Sir Wil.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve each  
doubt.

[MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to  
*Sir WILLIAM.*

*Mause.* Sir, view me weel ; has fifteen years sae plowed  
A wrinkled face, that you ha'e aften viewed,  
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,  
Wha nursed her mother, that now hauds my hand ?  
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand.

*Sir Wil.* Ha ! honest nurse, where were my eyes before !  
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more ;  
Yet, from the labyrinth to lead out my mind,  
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

[*Sir WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her  
sit by him.*

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail ;  
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

*Pat.* Guid nurse, gae on ! nae music's haff sae fine,  
Or can gi'e pleasure, like thae words o' thine.

*Mause.* Then it was I that saved her infant life,  
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife.  
The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,  
How they pursued, wi' avaricious view,  
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possest :  
All this to me a confident confest.  
I heard, wi' horror, an' wi' trembling dread,  
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.  
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,  
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,  
An' staw the sleeping innocent away,  
Wi' whom I travelled some few miles ere day.  
A' day I hid me. Whan the day was done,  
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,  
Till eastward fifty miles I reached these plains,  
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.  
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure  
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,  
An' took a neibouring cottage here, that I,  
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.  
Here honest Glaud himsell, an' Symon, may  
Remember weel, how I, that very day,  
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.  
Glaud. [*with tears of joy happing down his beard.*] I weel  
remember't : Lord reward your love !







Du Allan mo' d' aq' ent facit

84108

Sir William. *I give you both my blessing; may your love  
Produce a happy race, and still improve*

Gent. Shep. Act V Scene



Lang ha'e I wished for this ; for aft I thought  
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

*Pat.* It's now a crime to doubt ; my joys are full,  
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,  
An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.  
She's mine by vows ; an' wad, though still unknown,  
Ha'e been my wife, whan I my vows durst own.

*Sir Wil.* My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,  
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair !  
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim  
Shall be to aid your joys and well-matched flame.  
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,  
With as good will as either would demand.

[*PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to*  
*Sir WILLIAM.*

*Pat.* Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,  
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

*Sir Wil.* [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing ; may  
your love

Produce a happy race, an' still improve !

*Peg.* My wishes are complete ; my joys arise,  
While I'm hauff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.  
An' am I then a match for my ain lad,  
That for me so much generous kindness had ?  
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,  
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains !

*Pat.* Be lang our guardian, still our master be ;  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e :  
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

*Glaud.* I hope your honour now will tak amends  
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

*Sir Wil.* The base unnatural villain soon shall know,  
That eyes above watch the affairs below.  
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

*Peg.* To me the views o' wealth an' an estate  
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate :  
For his sake only I'll ay thankfu' bow,  
For sic a kindness, best o' men, to you.

*Sym.* What double blytheness wakens up this day !  
I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.  
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare  
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare ?  
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;  
Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you :  
E'en Bauldy, the bewitched, has quite forgot  
Fell Madge's taz, an' pawky Mause's plot.

*Sir Wil.* Kindly old man ! remain with you this day !  
I niver from these fields again will stray :  
Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,  
And busy gardners shall new planting rear :  
My father's hearty table you soon shall see  
Restored, and my best friends rejoice with me.

*Sym.* That's the best news I heard this twenty year !  
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

*Glaud.* God save the King, an' save Sir William lang,  
T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherds' sang.

*Rog.* Wha winna dance ? Wha will refuse to sing ?  
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

*Baul.* I'm friends wi' Mause ; wi' very Madge I'm greed,  
Although they skelpit me, when woodly fleid :  
I'm now fu' blyth, an' frankly can forgive,  
To join an' sing, " Lang may Sir William live !"

*Madge.* Lang may he live ! An', Bauldy, learn to steek  
Your gab awee, an' think before ye speak ;  
An' never ca' her auld that wants a man,  
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.  
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,  
An' brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt  
O' our young lady, my dear bonny bairn.

*Peg.* Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.  
An', my guid nurse, how shall I gratefu' be  
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me ?

*Mause.* The flowing pleasures o' this happy day  
Does fully a' I can require repay.

*Sir Wil.* To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,  
And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,  
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,  
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,  
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,  
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

*Omnes.* The Lord o' heaven return your honour's love,  
Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove!

[*PATIE, presenting ROGER to Sir WILLIAM.*

*Pat.* Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shared  
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:  
Glaud's daughter, Janet; (Jenny, think na shame,)  
Raised, an' maintains in him a lover's flame.  
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak an' won,  
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son:  
Be pleased to speak to Glaud for his consent,  
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.

*Sir Wil.* My son's demand is fair. Glaud, let me crave,  
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,  
With frank consent; and, while he does remain  
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

*Glaud.* You crowd your bounties, sir; what can we say,  
But that we're dyvours, that can ne'er repay.  
Whate'er your honour wills I sall obey.  
Roger, my daughter, wi' a blessing, tak,  
An' still our master's right your business mak.  
Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld grey head  
Sall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

*Rog.* I ne'er was guid o' speaking a' my days,  
Or ever loed to mak ovr great a fraise;  
But for my master, father, an' my wife,  
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.



*Sir Wil.* My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,  
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.  
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find  
 Reward, an' satisfaction to your mind.  
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;  
 And oft when hopes are highest we're beguiled.  
 Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,  
 Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.  
 Now all's at right. Who sings best let me hear.

*Peg.* When you demand, I readiest should obey :  
 I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

## SANG XXII.

*Tune—" Corn riggs are bonny."*

*My Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy ;  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair an' ruddy :  
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;  
 He's comely in his wauking ;  
 The shining o' his een surprise ;  
 It's heaven to hear him tauking.*

*Last night I met him on a bank,  
 Where yellow corn was growing ;  
 There mony a kindly word he spak,  
 That set my heart a glowing.*

*He kissed an' vowed he wad be mine,  
An' loed me best o' ony ;  
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
O corn riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses o' a silly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting ;  
Since we for yielding were designed,  
We chastely should be granting.  
Then I'll comply an' marry Pate,  
An' syne my cockernony,  
He's free to touzle air or late,  
Where corn riggs are bonny.*

[Exeunt.]











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GLOSSARY.

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## GLOSSARY.

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- Ablins*, perhaps.  
*Aboon*, above.  
*Aikerbraid*, the breadth of an acre.  
*Air*, long since, early.  
*Air up*, soon up in the morning.  
*Ambrie*, cup-board.  
*Anew*, enough.  
*Arles*, earnest of a bargain.  
*Ase*, ashes.  
*At ains*, or *At anes*, at once, at the same time.  
*Attour*, out-over, besides.  
*Auld-farren*, ingenious.  
*Aurglebargin*, or *Eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.  
*Awsome*, frightful, terrible.  
*Aynd*, the breath.  
  
*Black-sey*, a surloin.  
*Badrans*, a cat.  
*Baid*, staid, abode.  
*Bairns*, children.  
*Balen*, whalebone.  
*Bang*, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, *he, or it, came wi' a bang*. *A bang* also means a great number :—*Of customers she had a bang*.  
  
*Bangster*, a blustering roaring person.  
*Bannocks*, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.  
*Barkened*, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.  
*Barlikhood*, a fit of drunken angry passion.  
*Barrow-trams*, the staves of a hand-barrow.  
*Batts*, cholic.  
*Barwbee*, halfpenny.  
*Bauch*, sorry, indifferent.  
*Bawsy*, *Bawsand-faced*, is a cow or a horse with a white face.  
*Bedeem*, immediately, in haste.  
*Beft*, beaten.  
*Begoud*, began.  
*Begrutten*, all in tears.  
*Beik*, to bask.  
*Beild*, or *Beil*, a shelter.  
*Bein*, or *Been*, wealthy.  
*A Bein House*, a warm well furnished one.  
*Beit*, or *Beet*, to help, repair.  
*Bells*, bubbles.  
*Beltan*, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.  
*Bended*, drunk hard.  
*Benn*, the inner room of a house.  
*Bennison*, a blessing.  
*Bensell*, or *Bensail*, force.

*Bent*, the open field.

*Beuk*, baked.

*Bicker*, a wooden dish.

*Bickering*, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.

*Bigg*, build.

*Bigget*, built.

*Biggings*, buildings.

*Biggonet*, a linen cap, or coif.

*Billy*, brother.

*Byre*, or *Byer*, a cow-stall.

*Birks*, birch-trees.

*Birle*, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor; they call it *birling* a *bawbee*.

*Birn*, a burnt mark.

*Birns*, the stalks of burnt heath.

*Birr*, force, flying swiftly with a noise.

*Birsed*, bruised.

*Bittle*, or *Beetle*, a wooden mell for beating hemp; or, a fuller's club.

*Black-a-viced*, of a black complexion.

*Blae*, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.

*Blaflum*, beguile.

*Blate*, bashful.

*Blatter*, a rattling noise.

*Bleeche*, to blanch, or whiten.

*Bleer*, to make the eye water.

*Bleeze*, blaze.

*Blether*, foolish discourse.

*Bletherer*, a babbler. Stammering is called *blethering*.

*Blin*, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.

*Blinkan*, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.

*Boak*, or *Boke*, vomit.

*Boal*, a little press, or cup-board, in the wall.

*Bodin*, or *Bodden*, provided, or furnished.

*Bodle*, one-sixth of a penny English.

*Bodword*, an ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.

*Boglebo*, hobgoblin, or spectre.

*Bonny*, beautiful.

*Bonnywalys*, toys, gewgaws.

*Boss*, empty.

*Bouk*, bulk.

*Bourd*, jest, or dally.

*Bouze*, to drink.

*Brochen*, a kind of watergruel of oatmeal, butter, and honey.

*Brae*, the side of a hill, bank of a river.

*Braird*, the first sprouting of corns.

*Brander*, a gridiron.

*Brands*, calves of the legs.

*Brankan*, prancing, capering.

*Branks*, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.

*Brattle*, noise, as of horse-feet.

*Brats*, aprons.

*Braw*, brave, fine in apparel.

*Brecken*, fearn.

*Brent-brow*, a smooth high forehead.

*Brigs*, bridges.

*Briss*, to press.

*Brock*, a badger.

*Broo*, broth.

*Browden*, fond.

*Browster*, brewer.

*Browst*, a brewing.

*Bruliment*, a broil.

*Bucky*, the large sea-snail; a term of re-

- proach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by a *thrown bucky*.
- Buff*, nonsense; as, *He blethered buff*.
- Bught*, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking time.
- Buller*, to bubble; the motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising-tide.
- Bumbazed*, confused; made to stare and look like an idiot.
- Bung*, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.
- Bunkers*, a bench, or sort of long low chests, that serve for seats.
- Bumbler*, a bungler.
- Burn*, a brook.
- Busk*, to deck, dress.
- Bustine*, fustian, (cloth.)
- But*, often for without; as, *but feed or favour*.
- Bykes*, or *Bikes*, nests, or hives, of bees.
- Bygane*, bypast.
- Byword*, a proverb.
- Cadge*, carry.
- Cadger*, a country carrier.
- Caff*, calf, chaff.
- Callan*, a boy.
- Camschough*, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.
- Cangle*, to wrangle.
- Cankerd*, angry, passionately snarling.
- Canna*, cannot.
- Cant*, to tell merry old tales.
- Cantraips*, incantations.
- Canty*, cheerful and merry.
- Capernoited*, whimsical, ill-natured.
- Car*, sledge.
- Carena*, care not.
- Carle*, an old word for a man.
- Carlina*, an old woman. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife.
- Cathel*, an hot-pot, made of ale, sugar, and eggs.
- Cauldrife*, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address.
- Cauler*, cool, or fresh.
- Cawk*, chalk.
- Chafts*, chops.
- Chaping*, an ale-measure, or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.
- A-char*, or *A-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, *They're a-char*, or *a-jar*.
- Charlewain*, Charles-wain, the constellation called the *Plough*, or *Ursa Major*.
- Chancy*, fortunate, good-natured.
- Chat*, a cant name for the gallows.
- Chiel*, a general term, like *fellow*. Used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *That chiel*.
- Chirm*, chirp and sing like a bird.
- Chucky*, a hen.
- Clan*, tribe, family.
- Clank*, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
- Clashes*, chat.
- Clatter*, to chatter.
- Claught*, took hold.
- Claver*, to speak nonsense.
- Claw*, scratch.
- Cleek*, to catch as with a hook.
- Cleugh*, a den betwixt rocks.
- Clinty*, hard, stony.

- Clock*, a beetle.  
*Clotted*, the fall of any soft moist thing.  
*Closs*, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.  
*Clour*, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.  
*Clute*, or *Cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep.  
*Cockernony*, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or snooded up with a band, or snood.  
*Cockstool*, a pillory.  
*Cod*, a pillow.  
*Coft*, bought.  
*Cog*, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.  
*Cogle*, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.  
*Coodies*, small wooden vessels, used by some for chamber-pots.  
*Coof*, a stupid fellow.  
*Coor*, to cover.  
*Cooser*, a stallion.  
*Coost*, did cast.  
*Coosten*, thrown.  
*Corby*, a raven.  
*Cosie*, sheltered in a convenient place.  
*Cotter*, a subtenant.  
*Cowp*, to fall; also a fall.  
*Cowp*, to change, barter.  
*Cowp*, a company of people; as merry, senseless, corky *cowp*.  
*Cowp*, to crouch and creep.  
*Couth*, frank and kind.  
*Crack*, to chat.  
*Creel*, basket.  
*Crish*, grease.  
*Croil*, a crooked dwarf.  
*Croon*, or *Crune*, to murmur, or hum, over a song; the lowing of bulls.  
*Crouse*, bold.  
*Cruve*, a cottage.  
*Crummy*, a cow's name.  
*Cryn*, shrink, or become less, by drying.  
*Cudeigh*, a bribe, present.  
*Culzie*, entice, or flatter.  
*Cun*, to taste, learn, know.  
*Cunzie*, or *Coonie*, coin.  
*Curn*, a small parcel.  
*Cursche*, a kerchief; a linen dress wore by our Highland women.  
*Cutled*, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.  
*Cutts*, lots. These cutts are usually made of straws unequally cut.  
*Cutty*, short.  
*Dab*, a proficient.  
*Dad*, to beat one thing against another. *He fell wi' a dad. He dadded his head against the wall, &c.*  
*Daft*, foolish; and sometimes wanton.  
*Daffin*, folly, waggyery.  
*Dale*, or *Dail*, a valley, a plain.  
*Daintiths*, dainties, delicates.  
*Dainty* is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.  
*Dander*, wander to and fro.  
*Dang*, did ding, beat, thrust, drive. *Ding dang*, moving hastily one on the back of another.  
*Darn*, to hide.  
*Dash*, to put out of countenance.  
*Dawt*, to caress with tenderness.



- Darvty*, a fondling, darling.  
*Deave*, to stun the ears with noise.  
*Dees*, dairy-maids.  
*Deray*, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.  
*Dern*, secret, hidden, lonely.  
*Deval*, to descend, fall, hurry.  
*Dewgs*, rags, or shapings of cloth.  
*Didle*, to act, or move, like a dwarf.  
*Dight*, decked, made ready; also to clean.  
*Dinna*, do not.  
*Dirle*, a smarting pain quickly over.  
*Dit*, to stop or close up a hole.  
*Divet*, broad turf.  
*Docken*, a dock, (the herb.)  
*Doilt*, confused and silly.  
*Doited*, dozed or crazy, as in old age.  
*Doll*, a large piece, *dole*, or share.  
*Donk*, moist.  
*Donsie*, affectedly neat; clean, when applied to any little person.  
*Dooofurt*, a dull heavy-headed fellow.  
*Dool*, or *Drule*, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball.)  
*Dool*, pain, grief.  
*Dorts*, a proud pet.  
*Dorty*, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disobliged.  
*Dosend*, cold, impotent.  
*Dought*, could, availed.  
*Doughty*, strong, valiant, and able.  
*Douks*, dives under water.  
*Douse*, solid, grave, prudent.  
*Dow*, to will, to incline, to thrive.  
*Dow*, dove.  
*Dowed*, (liquor) that is dead, or has lost the spirits; withered (plant.)  
*Dowff*, mournful, wanting vivacity.  
*Dowie*, melancholy, sad, doleful.  
*Downa*, *Dow not*, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart, to it.  
*Dowp*, the posteriors, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell.  
*Better half egg as toom dowp*.  
*Drant*, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.  
*Dree*, to suffer, endure.  
*Dreery*, wearisome, frightful.  
*Dreigh*, slow, keeping at distance. Hence, an ill-payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.  
*Dribs*, drops.  
*Drizel*, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.  
*Droning*, sitting lazily, or moving heavily; speaking with groans.  
*Drouked*, drenched, all wet.  
*Dubs*, small puddles of water.  
*Dung*, defeated.  
*Dunt*, a stroke or blow.  
*Dunty*, a doxy.  
*Durk*, a poignard or dagger.  
*Dynles*, trembles, shakes.  
*Dyver*, a bankrupt.  
*Eags*, incites, stirs up.  
*Eard*, earth, the ground.  
*Edge* (of a hill,) is the side or top.  
*Een*, eyes.  
*Eild*, age.  
*Eildeens*, of the same age.  
*Eith*, easy; *Eithar*, easier.  
*Elbuck*, elbow.  
*Elf-shot*, bewitched, shot by fairies.

*Elson*, a shoemaker's awl.

*Elrich*, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

*Endlang*, along.

*Ergh*, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution.

*Erst*, time past.

*Estler*, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *estler-work*.

*Ether*, an adder.

*Ettele*, to aim, design.

*Evened*, compared.

*Eydent*, diligent, laborious.

*Fa*, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

*Fae*, a foe, an enemy.

*Fadge*, a spongy sort of bread, in shape of a roll.

*Fag*, to tire or turn weary.

*Fail*, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.

*Fain*, expresses earnest desire; as, *Fain would I*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.

*Fait*, neat, in good order.

*Fairfaw*, when we wish well to one, that a good, or *fair*, fate, may befall him.

*Fang*, the talons of a fowl.

*Fang*, to grip, or hold fast.

*Fash*, to vex or trouble.

*Fashous*, troublesome.

*Faugh*, a colour between white and red.

*Faugh-riggs*, fallow ground.

*Feck*, a part, quantity; as, *Maist feck*, the greatest number; *Nae feck*, very few.

*Feckfow*, able, active.

*Feckless*, feeble, little, and weak.

*Feed*, or *Fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.

*Feil*, many, several.

*Fen*, shift.

*Fending*, living by industry.

*Mak a Fen*, fall upon methods.

*Ferlie*, wonder.

*Fernzier*, the last, or fore-run year.

*File*, to defile or dirty.

*Fireflaught*, a flash of lightning.

*Fistle*, to stir; a stir.

*Fitsted*, the print of the foot.

*Fizzing*, whizzing.

*Flaffing*, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.

*Flags*, flashes, as of wind and fire.

*Flane*, an arrow.

*Flang*, flung.

*Flaughter*, to pare turf from the ground.

*Flaw*, lie or fib.

*Fleetch*, to cox or flatter.

*Fleg*, fright.

*Flewet*, a smart blow.

*Fley*, or *Flie*, to affright.

*Fleyt*, afraid or terrified.

*Flinders*, splinters.

*Flit*, to remove.

*Flite*, or *Flyte*, to scold, chide. *Flet*, did scold.

*Flushes*, floods.

*Fog*, moss.

*Foordays*, the morning far advanced, fair day-light.

*Forby*, besides.

*Forbearers*, forefathers, ancestors.

*Forfairn*, abused, bespattered.

*Forfaughten*, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting.

*Foregainst*, opposite to.

*Forgether*, to meet, encounter.

*Forleet*, to forsake or forget.

*Forestam*, the forehead.

*Fouth*, abundance, plenty.

*Fozy*, spungy, soft.

*Frais*, to make a noise. We use to say, one *maks a frais*, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of or will bear.

*Fray*, bustle, fighting.

*Freik*, a fool; a light impertinent fellow.

*Fremit*, strange, not a-kin.

*Fristed*, trusted.

*Frush*, brittle, like bread baken with butter.

*Fuff*, to blow.

*Fuffin*, blowing.

*Furder*, prosper.

*Furthy*, forward.

*Furlet*, four pecks.

*Fush*, brought.

*Fyk*, to be restless, uneasy.

*Gab*, the mouth; to prate. *Gab sae gash*.

*Gabbing*, prating pertly.

*Gab again*, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

*Gabby*, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

*Gadge*, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

*Gafaw*, a hearty loud laughter.

*Gawf*, to laugh.

*Gait*, a goat.

*Gams*, gums.

*Gar*, to cause, make, or force.

*Gare*, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.

*Gash*, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet*, *gash-beard*.

*Gate*, way.

*Gaunt*, yawn.

*Gawky*, an idle, staring, idiotical person.

*Gawn*, going.

*Gaws*, galls.

*Gawsy*, jolly, buxom.

*Geck*, to mock.

*Geed*, or *Gade*, went.

*Genty*, handsome, genteel.

*Get*, or *Brat*, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

*Gielanger*, an ill debtor.

*Gif*, if.

*Gillygacus*, or *Gillygapus*, a staring gaping fool; a gormandizer.

*Gilpy*, a roguish boy.

*Gimmer*, a young sheep, (ewe.)

*Gin*, if.

*Gird*, to strike, pierce.

*Girn*, to grin, snarl; also, a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

*Girth*, a hoop.

*Glaiked*, foolish, wanton, light.

*Glaiks*, an idle good-for-nothing fellow. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

*Glaister*, to bawl or bark.

*Glamour*, juggling. When devils, wizards, or jugglers, deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* over the eyes of the spectator.

*Glar*, mire, oozy mud.

*Glee*, to squint.

*Gleg*, sharp, quick, active.

*Glen*, a narrow valley between mountains.

*Gloom*, to scowl or frown.

*Glowming*, the twilight, or evening-gloom.

*Glowr*, to stare, look stern.

*Glumsh*, to hang the brow and grumble.

*Goan*, a wooden dish for meat.

*Goolie*, a large knife.

*Gorlings*, or *Gorblings*, young unfledged birds.

*Gossie*, gossip.

*Gowans*, daisies.

*Gove*, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.

*Gowf*, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow in the chops, we call *a gowf on the haffet*.

*Gowk*, the cuckow. In derision, we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, *a gowk*.

*Gowl*, a howling, to bellow and cry.

*Gousty*, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.

*Grany*, grandmother, any old woman.

*Grape*, a trident fork; also, to grope.

*Gree*, prize, victory.

*Green*, to long for.

*Greet*, to weep. *Grat*, wept:

*Grieve*, an overseer.

*Groff*, gross, coarse.

*Grotts*, milled oats.

*Grouf*, to lie flat on the belly.

*Grounche*, or *Glunche*, to murmur, grudge.

*Grudden*, wept.

*Gryse*, a pig.

*Gumption*, good sense.

*Gurly*, rough, bitter, cold, (weather.)

*Gysened*, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.

*Gytlings*, young children.

*Haffet*, cheek, side of the head.

*Hagabag*, coarse towelling.

*Haggise*, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.

*Hags*, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.

*Hain*, to save, manage narrowly.

*Halesome*, wholesome; as *hale*, whole.

*Hallen*, a screen.

*Hameld*, domestic.

*Hamely*, friendly, frank, open, kind.

*Hanty*, convenient, handsome.

*Harle*, drag.

*Harn-pan*, the skull.

*Harns*, brains.

*Harship*, ruin.

*Hash*, a sloven.

*Haveren*, or *Havrel*, a foolish silly fellow.

*Haughs*, vallies or low grounds on the sides of rivers.

*Havins*, good-breeding.

*Haviour*, behaviour.

*Hass*, the throat, or fore-part of the neck.

*Heal*, or *Heel*, health, or whole.

*Heepy*, a person hypochondriac.

*Heeryestreen*, the night before yesternight.

*Heez*, to lift up a heavy thing a little.

*Heezy*, is a good lift.

*Hefitit*, accustomed to live in a place.

*Heght*, promised; also, named.



- Hempy*, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.  
*Hereit*, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.  
*Hesp*, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.  
*Hether-bells*, the heath blossom.  
*Heugh*, a rock, or steep hill; also, a coal pit.  
*Hiddils*, or *Hidlings*, lurking, hiding places.  
 To do a thing in *hidlings*; i. e. privately.  
*Hirple*, to move slowly and lamely.  
*Hirple*, or *Hirdsale*, a flock of cattle.  
*Ho*, a single stocking.  
*Hobbleshew*, a confused racket, noise.  
*Hool*, husk.  
*Hooled*, inclosed.  
*Hooly*, slow.  
*Host*, or *Whost*, to cough.  
*How*, or *Hu*, a cap, or roof-tree.  
*How*, low ground, a hollow.  
*How!* ho!  
*Howdered*, hidden.  
*Howdy*, midwife.  
*Howk*, to dig.  
*Howms*, plains or river sides.  
*Howt!* fy!  
*Howtowdy*, a young hen.  
*Hurkle*, to crouch or bow together, like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.  
*Hut*, a hovel.  
*Hyt*, mad.  
  
*Jack*, jacket.  
*Jag*, to prick, as with a pin.  
*Jaw*, a wave or gush of water.  
*Jawp*, the dashing of water.  
*Iceshogles*, icicles.
- Jee*, to incline to one side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balance up and down, to this and the other side.  
*Jig*, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.  
*Jimp*, slender.  
*Jip*, gypsy.  
*Ilk*, each.  
*Ilka*, every.  
*Ingan*, onion.  
*Ingle*, fire.  
*Jo*, sweetheart.  
*Jowk*, a low bow.  
*Irie*, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition; also, melancholy.  
*I'se*, I shall; as I'll, for I will.  
*Isles*, embers.  
*Junt*, a large joint or piece of meat.  
*Jute*, sour or dead liquor.  
*Jibe*, to mock. *Gibe*, to taunt.  
  
*Kaber*, a rafter.  
*Kale*, or *Kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.  
*Kacky*, to dung.  
*Kain*, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.  
*Kame*, comb.  
*Kanny*, or *Canny*, fortunate; also, wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.  
*Kebbuck*, a cheese.  
*Keckle*, to laugh, to be noisy.  
*Kedgy*, jovial.  
*Keek*, to peep.  
*Kelt*, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.  
*Kemp*, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time.

*Ken*, to know ; used in England as a noun.

A thing within *ken* ; i. e. within view.

*Kent*, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.

*Kepp*, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

*Kiest*, did cast. *Vide* Coost.

*Kilted*, tucked up.

*Kimmer*, a female gossip,

*Kirn*, a churn ; also, to churn.

*Kirtle*, an upper petticoat.

*Kitchen*, all sort of eatables except bread.

*Kittle*, difficult, mysterious, knotty, (writings.)

*Kittle*, to tickle, ticklish.

*Knacky*, witty and facetious.

*Knoit*, to beat or strike sharply.

*Knoosed*, buffeted and bruised.

*Knoost*, or *Knuist*, a large lump.

*Know*, a hillock.

*Knublock*, a knob.

*Knuckles*, only used in Scotch for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.

*Kow*, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.

*Ky*, kine or cows.

*Kyth*, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*

*Kyte*, the belly.

*Laggert*, bespattered, covered with clay.

*Laigh*, low.

*Laits*, manners.

*Lak*, or *Lack*, to undervalue, contemn ; as, *He that laks my mare, would by my mare.*

*Landart*, the country, or belonging to it ; rustic.

*Lane*, alone.

*Languor*, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *languor* ; i. e. divert him.

*Lankale*, coleworts uncut.

*Lap*, leaped.

*Lapped*, curdled or clotted.

*Lare*, a place for laying, or that has been lain in.

*Lare*, bog.

*Lave*, the rest or remainder.

*Lawin*, a tavern reckoning.

*Lawland*, low country.

*Lavrock*, the lark.

*Lawty*, or *Lawtith*, justice, fidelity, honesty.

*Leal*, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A liel heart never lied.*

*Leam*, flame.

*Lear*, learning ; also, to learn.

*Lee*, untilled ground ; also, an open grassy plain.

*Leglin*, a milking pail with one lug or handle.

*Leman*, a kept miss.

*Lends*, buttocks, loins.

*Leugh*, laughed.

*Lew-warm*, lukewarm.

*Labbit*, gelded.

*Lick*, to whip or beat ; also, a wag or cheat we call a great *lick*.

*Lied*, ye *lied*, ye tell a lie.

*Lift*, the sky or firmament.

*Liggs*, lies.

*Lilts*, the holes of a wind-instrument of music ; hence, *Lilt up a spring.* *Lilt it out*, take off your drink merrily.

*Limmer*, a whore.

*Limp*, to halt.

- Lin*, a cataract.  
*Ling*, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.  
*Lingle*, cord, shoemakers' thread.  
*Linkan*, walking speedily.  
*Lire*, breasts; also, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.  
*Lirk*, a wrinkle or fold.  
*Lisk*, the flank.  
*Lith*, a joint.  
*Loan*, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.  
*Loch*, a lake.  
*Loo*, to love.  
*Loof*, the hollow of the hand.  
*Looms*, tools, instruments in general, vessels.  
*Loot*, did let.  
*Low*, flame.  
*Lowan*, flaming.  
*Lown*, calm. Keep *lown*, be secret.  
*Loun*, rogue, whore, villain.  
*Lounder*, a sound blow.  
*Lout*, to bow down, making courtesy; to stoop.  
*Luck*, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence, *lucken-handed*, close fisted; *lucken gowans*, boots, &c.  
*Lucky*, grandmother or goody.  
*Lug*, ear; handle of a pot or vessel.  
*Luggie*, a wooden dish with a handle.  
*Lum*, the chimney.  
*Lure*, rather.  
*Lyart*, hoary or grey-haired.  
*Magil*, to mangle.  
*Maik*, or *Make*, match, equal.  
*Maikless*, matchless.  
*Mailen*, a farm.  
*Makly*, seemly, well-proportioned.  
*Maksna*, it is no matter.  
*Malison*, a curse, malediction.  
*Mangit*, galled or bruised by toil or stripes.  
*Mank*, a want.  
*Mant*, to stammer in speech.  
*March*, or *Merch*, a land-mark, border of lands.  
*Marh*, the marrow.  
*Marrow*, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.  
*Mask*, to mash, in brewing.  
*Masking-loom*, a mash-vat.  
*Maun*, must.  
*Mawma*, must not, may not.  
*Meikle*, much, big, great, large.  
*Meith*, limit, mark, sign.  
*Mends*, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation.  
 To make a *mends*, to make a grateful return.  
*Mense*, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding.  
*Mensfou*, mannerly.  
*Menzie*, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.  
*Messen*, a little dog, a lap-dog.  
*Midding*, a dunghill.  
*Midges*, gnats, little flies.  
*Mim*, affectedly modest.  
*Mint*, aim, endeavour.  
*Mirk*, dark.  
*Miscaw*, to give names.  
*Mischance*, misfortune.  
*Misken*, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, to let alone.  
*Mislushons*, malicious, rough.

*Misters*, necessities, wants.

*Mittans*, woollen gloves.

*Mony*, many.

*Mools*, the earth of the grave.

*Mou*, mouth.

*Moup*, to eat ; generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.

*Mow*, a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.

*Mows*, jests.

*Muckle*, see *Meikle*.

*Murgullied*, mismanaged, abused.

*Mutch*, coif.

*Mutchken*, an English pint.

*Nacky*, or *Knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.

*Neese*, nose,

*Nettle*, to fret or vex.

*Newfangle*, fond of a new thing.

*Nevel*, a sound blow with the *nive* or fist.

*Nick*, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated.

Also, as a cant word, to drink heartily ; as *He nicks fine*.

*Niest*, next.

*Niffer*, to exchange or barter.

*Niffnafan*, trifling.

*Nignays*, trifles.

*Nips*, bits.

*Nither*, to straiten.

*Nithered*, hungered, or half starved, in maintenance.

*Nive*, the fist.

*Nock*, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.

*Noit*, see *Knoit*.

*Nowt*, cows, kine.

*Nowther*, neither.

*Nuckle*, new calved (cows.)

*Oe*, a grandchild.

*O'er*, or *Ower*, too much ; as, *A' o'er is vice*.

*O'ercome*, surplus.

*Ony*, any.

*Or*, sometimes used for ere, or before ; as, *Or day* ; i. e. before day-break.

*Ora*, any thing over what is needful.

*Orp*, to weep with a convulsive pant.

*Oughlens*, in the least.

*Owk*, week.

*Owrlay*, a cravat.

*Owsen*, oxen.

*Owther*, either.

*Oxter*, the arm-pit.

*Paddock*, a frog.

*Paddock-ride*, the spawn of frogs.

*Paiks*, chastisement. To *paik*, to beat or belabour one soundly.

*Pang*, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.

*Paughty*, proud, haughty.

*Pawky*, witty, or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad design.

*Peer*, a quay or wharf.

*Peets*, turf for fire.

*Pegh*, to pant.

*Pensy*, finical, foppish, conceited.

*Perquire*, by heart.

*Pett*, a favourite, a fondling. To *pettle*, to dandle, feed, cherish flatter. Hence, to take the *pett*, is to be peevish or sullen, as



- commonly pets are, when in the least dis- obliged.
- Pibroughs*, such Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before them, when they go out to battle.
- Pig*, an earthen pitcher.
- Pike*, to pick out or choose.
- Pimpin*, pimping, mean, scurvy.
- Pine*, pain or pining.
- Pingle*, to contend, strive, or work hard.
- Pirn*, the spool, or quill, within the shuttle, which receives the yarn.
- Pirny*, (cloth,) a web of unequal threads or colours striped.
- Pith*, strength, might, force.
- Plack*, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.
- Pople*, or *Papple*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.
- Poortith*, poverty.
- Powny*, a little horse or galloway; also, a turkey.
- Pouse*, to push.
- Pouch*, a pocket.
- Pratrick*, practice, art, stratagem. *Priving pratrick*, trying ridiculous experiments.
- Prets*, tricks, rogueries. We say, *He played me a pret*; i. e. cheated. *The callan's fou o' pret*s; i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.
- Prig*, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.
- Prin*, a pin.
- Prive*, to prove or taste.
- Propine*, gift or present.
- Pryme*, or *Prime*, to fill or stuff.
- Putt a stane*, to throw a large stone.
- Quey*, a young cow.
- Rackless*, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless handed*.
- Rae*, a roe.
- Raffan*, merry, roving, hearty.
- Raird*, a loud sound.
- Rair*, roar.
- Rak*, or *Rook*, a mist or fog.
- Rampage*, to speak and act furiously.
- Rashes*, rushes.
- Rave*, did rive or tear.
- Raught*, reached.
- Rax*, to stretch. *Raxed*, reached.
- Ream*, cream. Whence *reaming*; as, *reaming liquor*.
- Redd*, to rid, unravel; to separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.
- Rede*, counsel, advice; as, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.
- Reek*, reach; also, smoke.
- Reft*, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away.
- Reif*, rapine, robbery.
- Reik*, or *Rink*, a course or race.
- Rever*, a robber or pirate.
- Rewth*, pity.
- Rice*, or *Rise*, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.
- Rife*, or *Ryfe*, plenty.
- Rift*, to belch.
- Rigging*, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house.
- Ripples*, a weakness in the back and reins.

- Rock*, a distaff.  
*Roose*, or *Ruse*, to commend, extol.  
*Roove*, to rivet.  
*Rottan*, a rat.  
*Roundel*, a witty, and often a satiric kind of rhyme.  
*Rowan*, rolling.  
*Rowt*, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.  
*Rowth*, plenty.  
*Ruck*, a rick or stack of hay or corns.  
*Rude*, the red taint of the complexion.  
*Ruefu*, doleful.  
*Rug*, to pull, take away by force.  
*Rumple*, the rump.  
*Rungs*, small boughs of trees lopped off.  
*Rumckle*, to ruffle.  
*Runkle*, a wrinkle.  
  
*Saebiens*, seeing it is, since.  
*Saikless*, guiltless, free.  
*Sained*, blessed.  
*Sall*, shall; like *soud* for should.  
*Sand-blind*, pur-blind, short-sighted.  
*Sar*, savour or smell.  
*Sark*, a shirt.  
*Saugh*, a willow or sallow tree.  
*Sav*, an old saying or proverbial expression.  
*Scad*, scald.  
*Scar*, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rain.  
*Scart*, to scratch.  
*Scawp*, a bare dry piece of stony ground.  
*Scon*, bread which the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock.  
  
*Scowp*, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.  
*Scowth*, room, freedom.  
*Scrimp*, narrow, straitened, little.  
*Scroggs*, shrubs, thorns, briers.  
*Scroggy*, thorny.  
*Scuds*, ale, a late name given it by the venders.  
*Scunner*, to loath.  
*Sell*, self.  
*Seuch*, furrow, ditch.  
*Sey*, to try.  
*Seybow*, a young onion.  
*Shan*, pitiful, silly, poor.  
*Sharn*, cow's dung.  
*Sharv*, a wood or forest.  
*Shawl*, shallow.  
*Shawps*, empty husks.  
*Sheen*, shining.  
*Shill*, shrill, having a sharp sound.  
*Shire*, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *shire*; also, a clever wag, a *shire lick*.  
*Shog*, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.  
*Shool*, shovel.  
*Shoon*, shoes.  
*Shore*, to threaten.  
*Shotle*, a drawer.  
*Sib*, a-kin.  
*Sic*, such.  
*Sicker*, firm, secure.  
*Sike*, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.  
*Siller*, silver.  
*Sindle*, or *Sinle*, seldom.

- Sinsyne*, since that time; as, *Lang sinsyne*, long ago.
- Skaill*, to scatter.
- Skair*, to share.
- Skaih*, hurt, damage.
- Skeigh*, skittish.
- Skelf*, a shelf.
- Skelp*, to run, used when one runs barefooted; also, a small splinter of wood; to flog the hips.
- Skiff*, to move smoothly away.
- Skink*, a kind of strong broth made of cows hams or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup.
- Skirl*, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
- Sklate*, slate. *Skailie* is a fine blue slate.
- Skowrie*, ragged, nasty, idle.
- Skreed*, a rent.
- Skybald*, a tatterdemalion.
- Skyt*, to fly out hastily.
- Slade*, or *Slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.
- Slap*, or *Slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills; also, a breach in a wall.
- Sleek*, smooth.
- Sleet*, a shower of half melted snow.
- Slerg*, to bedaub or plaister.
- Slid*, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid lown*.
- Slidry*, slippery.
- Slippery*, sleepy.
- Slonk*, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire.
- Slote*, a bar or bolt for a door.
- Slough*, husk or coat.
- Smaik*, a silly, little, pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.
- Smirky*, smiling.
- Smittle*, infectious or catching.
- Smoor*, to smother.
- Snack*, nimble, ready, clever.
- Shed*, to cut.
- Sneer*, to laugh in derision.
- Sneg*, to cut; as, *Snegged off at the web's end*.
- Snell*, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
- Snib*, snub, check or reprove, correct.
- Snifter*, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little stopt.
- Snod*, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
- Snood*, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
- Snool*, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; a pitiful grovelling slave.
- Snoove*, to whirl round.
- Snotter*, snot.
- Snurl*, to ruffle, wrinkle.
- Sod*, a thick turf.
- Sonsy*, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.
- Sore*, sorrel, reddish-coloured.
- Sorn*, to sponge.
- Soss*, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
- Sough*, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
- Sowens*, flummery, or oatmeal soured amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
- Sowf*, to con over a tune on an instrument.

- Spac*, to foretel or divine.  
*Spaemen*, prophets, augurs.  
*Spain*, to wean from the breast.  
*Spait*, a torrent, flood, or inundation.  
*Spang*, a jump; to leap or jump.  
*Spaul*, the shoulder, arm.  
*Speel*, to climb.  
*Speer*, to ask, enquire.  
*Spelder*, to split, stretch, draw asunder.  
*Spence*, the place of the house where prophecies are kept.  
*Spill*, to spoil, abuse.  
*Spoolie*, spoil, booty, plunder.  
*Spraisings*, stripes of different colours.  
*Spring*, a tune on a musical instrument.  
*Sprush*, spruce.  
*Spruttled*, speckled, spotted.  
*Spunk*, a match tipped with brimstone.  
*Statwart*, strong and valiant.  
*Stang*, did sting; also, a sting or pole.  
*Stank*, a pool of standing water.  
*Stark*, strong, robust.  
*Starn*, a small moiety. We say, *ne'er a starn*.  
*Starns*, the stars.  
*Stay*, steep; as, *Set a stout heart to a stay brae*.  
*Steek*, to shut, close.  
*Stegh*, to cram.  
*Stend*, or *Sten*, to move with a hasty long pace.  
*Stent*, to stretch or extend.  
*Stipend*, a benefice.  
*Stirk*, a steer or bullock.  
*Stoit*, or *Stot*, to rebound or reflect.  
*Stoor*, rough, hoarse.  
*Stou*, to cut or crop. *A stou*, a large cut or piece.  
*Stound*, a smarting pain or stitch.  
*Stour*, dust agitated by winds, men or horses feet.  
*Stour*, to run quickly.  
*Stowth*, stealth.  
*Strapan*, clever, tall, handsome.  
*Strath*, a plain on a river side.  
*Streek*, to stretch.  
*Striddle*, to stride; commonly applied to one that is little.  
*Strinkle*, to sprinkle or strew.  
*Stroot*, or *Strut*, stuffed full, drunk.  
*Strunt*, a pet. To take *the strunt*, to be petted or out of humour.  
*Studdy*, an anvil or smith's stithy.  
*Sturay*, giddy-headed; also, strong.  
*Sture*, or *Stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.  
*Sturt*, trouble, vexation, disturbance.  
*Stym*, a blink or a little sight of a thing.  
*Suddle*, to sully or defile.  
*Sumph*, blockhead.  
*Sunkan*, splenetic.  
*Sunkots*, something.  
*Swak*, to throw, cast with force.  
*Swankies*, clever young fellows.  
*Swarf*, to swoon away.  
*Swash*, squat, fuddled.  
*Swatch*, a pattern.  
*Swats*, small ale.  
*Swecht*, burden, weight, force.  
*Sweer*, lazy, slow.  
*Sweeties*, confections.  
*Swelt*, suffocated, choked to death.  
*Swith*, begone quickly.



- Swither*, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.  
*Syne*, afterwards, then.
- Tackel*, an arrow.  
*Taid*, toad.  
*Tane*, taken.  
*Tap*, a head; such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff is called a *lint-tap*.  
*Tape*, to use any thing sparingly.  
*Tappit-hen*, the Scotch quart stoup.  
*Tarrow*, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.  
*Tartan*, cross striped stuff, of various colours, checkered; the Highland plaid.  
*Tass*, a little dram cup.  
*Tate*, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.  
*Taunt*, to mock.  
*Tawpy*, a foolish wench.  
*Taz*, a whip or scourge.  
*Ted*, to scatter, spread.  
*Tee*, a little earth, on which gamesters, at the golf, set their balls, before they strike them off.  
*Teen*, or *Tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.  
*Teet*, to peep out.  
*Tensome*, the number of ten.  
*Tent*, attention.  
*Tenty*, cautious.  
*Thack*, thatch.  
*Thacker*, thatcher.  
*Thae*, those.  
*Tharmes*, small tripes.  
*Theck*, to thatch.  
*Thig*, to beg or borrow.
- Thir*, these.  
*Thole*, to endure, suffer.  
*Thow*, thaw.  
*Thowless*, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.  
*Thrawart*, froward, crabbed, cross.  
*Thrawin*, cross-grained and stern.  
*Threep*, to aver, allege, urge, and affirm boldly.  
*Thrimal*, to press or squeeze through with difficulty.  
*Thud*, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these; as, *Cried heh! at ilka thud*; i. e. gave a groan at every blow.  
*Tid*, tide or time; proper time; as, *He took the tid*.  
*Tift*, good order, health.  
*Tine*, to lose. *Tint*, lost.  
*Tinsel*, loss.  
*Tip*, or *Tippony*, ale sold for two-pence the Scotch pint.  
*Tirl*, or *Tir*, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a *tirl*; as, *They took a tirl of dancing, drinking, &c.*  
*Titty*, sister.  
*Tocher*, portion, dowry.  
*Tod*, a fox.  
*Tooly*, to fight; a fight or quarrel.  
*Toom*, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.; also, to empty.  
*Tosh*, right, neat.  
*Tosie*, warm, pleasant, half-fuddled.  
*To the fore*, in being, alive, unconsumed.  
*Touse*, or *Touste*, to rumple, tease.  
*Tout*, the sound of a horn or trumpet.  
*Tow*, a rope; a Tyburn necklace, or St Johnstoun ribband.

*Towmond*, a year or twelvemonth.

*Trewes*, hose and breeches all of a piece.

*Trig*, neat, handsome.

*Troke*, exchange.

*True*, to true, trust, believe; as, *True ye*  
*sae?* or, *Love gars me true ye.*

*Truf*, steal.

*Tryst*, appointment.

*Turs*, turfs.

*Twin*, to part with, or separate from.

*Twitch*, touch.

*Twinters*, sheep of two years old.

*Tydie*, plump, fat, lucky.

*Tynd*, see *Teen*.

*Tyst*, to entice, stir up, allure.

*Ugg*, to detest, hate, nauseate.

*Ugsome*, hateful, nauseous, horrible.

*Umwhile*, the late, or deceased some time  
ago; of old.

*Undocht*, or *Wandocht*, a silly weak person.

*Uneith*, not easy.

*Ungeard*, naked, not clad, unharnessed.

*Unko*, or *Unco*, strange, uncouth.

*Unloosome*, unlovely.

*Vougy*, elevated, proud; that boasts or  
brags of any thing.

*Wad*, or *Wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also,  
would.

*Waff*, wandering by itself.

*Wak*, moist, wet.

*Wale*, to pick and choose.

*The wale*; i. e. the best.

*Wallop*, to move swiftly with much agita-  
tion.

*Wally*, large, beautiful, chosen. *A bonny*  
*wally*; i. e. a fine thing.

*Wame*, womb.

*Wandought*, want of dought, impotent.

*Wangrace*, wickedness, want of grace.

*War*, worse.

*Warlock*, wizard.

*Wat*, or *Wit*, to know.

*Waught*, a large draught.

*Waughts*, drinks largely.

*Wee*, little; as, *A wanton wee thing*.

*Wean*, or *Wee ane*, a child.

*Ween*, thought, imagined, supposed.

*Weer*, to stop or oppose.

*Weir*, war.

*Weird*, fate or destiny.

*Weit*, rain.

*Wersh*, insipid, wanting salt, wallowish.

*Whauk*, whip, beat, flog.

*Whid*, to fly quickly. *A whid*, is a hasty  
flight.

*Whilk*, which.

*Whilly*, to cheat.

*Whilliwah*, a cheat.

*Whingeing*, whining, speaking with a dole-  
ful tone.

*Whins*, furze.

*Whisht*, hush, hold your peace.

*Whisk*, to pull out hastily.

*Whomilt*, turned upside down.

*Wight*, stout, clever, active; also, a man  
or person.

*Wimpling*, a turning backward and for-  
ward, winding like the meanders of a  
river.

*Win*, or *Won*, to dwell, reside.

*Winna*, will not.

*Winnocks*, windows.

*Winsome*, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large. We say, *My winsome love*.

*Wirrykow*, a bugbear.

*Wisent*, parched, dry, withered.

*Wistle*, to exchange, (money.)

*Withershins*, cross motion, or against the sun.

*Woo*, or *W*, wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, *z, a, e, u*; i. e. is it all one wool?

*Wood*, mad.

*Woody*, the gallows.

*Wordy*, worthy.

*Wow*! strange! wonderful!

*Wreaths*, (of snow,) when heaps of it are driven together.

*Wysing*, inclining. To *wyse*, to lead, train.

*Wyson*, the gullet.

*Wyt*, to blame.

*Yamph*, to bark or make a noise like little dogs.

*Yap*, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.

*Yealtou*, yea wilt thou.

*Yed*, to contend, wrangle.

*Yeld*, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.

*Yerk*, to do any thing with celerity.

*Yesk*, the hiccup.

*Yett*, gate.

*Yestreen*, yesternight.

*Youdith*, youthfulness.

*Yowden*, wearied.

*Yowf*, a swinging blow.

*Yuke*, the itch.

*Yule*, Christmas.

FINIS.

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